# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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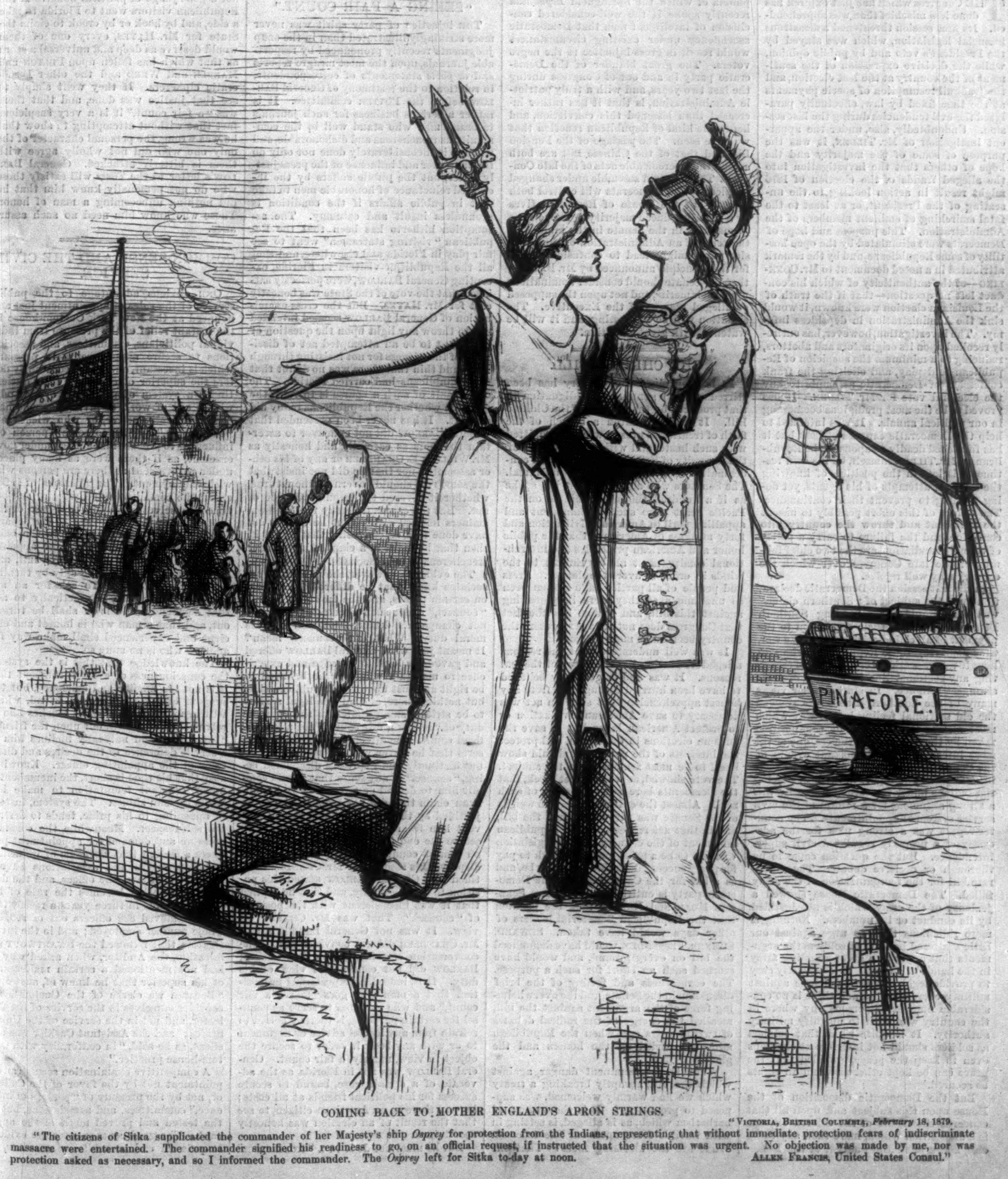

COMING BACK TO MOTHER ENGLAND'S APRON STRINGS.

"Victoria, British Columbia, *February* 18, 1879.

"The citizens of Sitka supplicated the commander of her Majesty's ship *Osprey* for protection from the Indians, representing that without immediate protection fears of indiscriminate massacre were entertained. The commander signified his readiness to go, on an official request, if instructed that the situation was urgent. No objection was made by me, nor was protection asked as necessary, and so I informed the commander. The *Osprey* left for Sitka to-day at noon.

Allen Francis, United States Consul."

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Saturday, March 15, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains the conclusion of* "The Awakening," *a fine double-page engraving of the Cathedral at Wells, England, and other attractions.*

*An* Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

## THE LATE CONGRESS.

The Congress which has just expired has done less mischief than was apprehended. Its first session threatened a disastrous financial legislation, which was stayed by the President's veto and by public opinion, while the decisive expression of the sentiment of the country at the last election, and the tranquil resumption of specie payments at the time fixed by law, effectually paralyzed the evil tendencies during the last session. Undoubtedly, also, under the apparent instigation of Mr. Tilden, it was the purpose of some of the majority and the hope of others that the investigation into the alleged frauds of the election of 1876 might result in action looking to the unseating of the President, or at least to the fatal smirching of eminent members of the Administration. This purpose and hope of Democrats were stimulated by the open hostility of some Republicans, and by the remark attributed in a noted document to Mr. Conkling—of the authenticity of which his conduct left no question—that if the truth of the Louisiana election were known, it would sink the Administration in depthless infamy. The investigation, however, has entirely recoiled upon its originators and abettors, reducing to a minimum the suspicion of Republican foul play, and eliciting the frank confession of Democratic attempts to buy the electoral vote for Mr. Tilden. It has proved to be the most prodigious boomerang in our political annals. It was intended to help the Democratic canvass of 1880, but it has furnished deadly weapons to the Republicans. Mr. Tilden himself, by his own testimony, is left in the position of knowing the criminal attempts of his agents, yet doing nothing to prevent their continuance. The failure of this effort possibly to unseat the President and throw the country into confusion, and the failure to carry a policy of virtual repudiation, are the two chief failures of the late Congress, over which the country may well rejoice.

In the last session the Democratic declaration upon the subject of "Southern claims" was very significant. Leading Southern Democrats asserted their opposition to the payment of all claims arising out of the war, thus depriving those Republicans who still hope to raise a sectional cry, instead of regretting any sectional line in politics, of their strongest reliance. In stating their views many of the Southern Democrats showed the old sectional feeling in the way which most alarms the North; but the position taken by them was, nevertheless, one of the most interesting and important events of the Congress. The Indian question was left in *statu quo*. The report in favor of placing the Indians under the care of the army was a strong argument for a reform of the civil service system of appointments. The counter-report was a strong plea for the adequacy of a properly regulated civil superintendence. But the question came to no thorough or decisive debate. The elaborate bill for the reorganization of the army failed. The Democratic House showed a jealousy of the army which is not justified by its conduct or its numbers. Nothing is more ridiculous than to urge against our little scattered handful of soldiers the arguments that apply to a great standing army in the hands of a king. It is perfectly easy to provide legal and civil defenses against military encroachment, and there is no considerable number of persons any where in the country who wish to magnify military authority. It is quite right that soldiers as soldiers should not interfere at elections even to keep the peace, provided that the peace can be kept otherwise, and all rights be secured.

But the Democratic disposition of the House upon this subject and upon all that concerns the rights of the colored citizens is a disposition which, more than any thing else, keeps alive the distrust of the Democratic party. From the time when that party was virtually the apologist and upholder of slavery down to the attempt of the Democrats in the expiring days of the late session to attach the repeal of election laws to an appropriation bill, the party has defied the sentiment of justice and humanity which is instinctive in the American people. The moral argument is always against the Democrats, and in the late Congress they have done very little to change that situation for the better. Whenever the Democratic party proves that it means to maintain equal rights, and the "solid South" punishes, swiftly and surely, offenses against the colored race, protecting the negro voter as it protects the white voter, the Republican party as a party will receive a blow, because then its principles will have become the accepted policy of all parties. But until the Democratic party takes that position it will find it a very hard task to supplant the Republican upon general issues of administration, because those who might be alienated from the Republican party upon the latter ground are held to it still more strongly upon the former. The Democratphobia of which the Springfield *Republican* recently spoke is the well-considered conclusion of intelligent men that Democratic ascendency under existing circumstances would result in gross injustice to the negro voters. The great blunder of the Democratic party in and out of Congress during the last two years, and with a truly patriotic Administration, is that it has rather increased than lessened this conviction, and hence the kind of Republican reaction that we have seen. The passage of the Pension Bill and that of the Chinese Bill are both among the discreditable acts of the late Congress. The next will assemble under changed auspices. The Democrats will control both Houses, but the House of Representatives by a greatly reduced majority. The change of majority in the Senate in the middle of the term of an Administration of the opposite party might lead to confusion except for the principle announced by Mr. Bayard, that the Senate should consider nominations upon their merits, and not upon the supposed or alleged reasons of the Executive. The situation will be interesting, and it will be watched with great attention.

## THE CHINESE BILL.

It is long since the country has been stirred with so genuine an indignation as that produced by the passage of the Chinese Bill. It was so wanton a breach of the faith of treaties, so gross a wrong, committed with such haste, and without a pretense of the necessity of haste, that the popular condemnation was immediate and universal. The Senators who advocated the bill spoke as if a hundred thousand Chinese on the Pacific coast were such an imminent and appalling peril to American civilization and forty millions of Americans that the public honor and American principles and international comity must all be thrown to the winds in order to avert the danger. Press and people of all parties have seldom been so unanimous as they were in protesting against this bill, and seldom has the fact that Congress does not always represent the country been made more evident.

It was well understood that the reasons alleged for passing the bill were not the real reasons. It was and is generally believed to have been hurried through not from any honest apprehension that such an act was necessary to save American civilization or to protect American labor, but to save the autumn elections in California, and protect the interests of the party that should show itself to be most zealous upon the subject. The vote showed, as we said last week, that the Democrats bore away the palm of such zeal. Almost the entire Republican weight of the Senate was thrown against the bill, and in that act represented the Republican sentiment of the country. Such legislation was felt to be a price much too high to pay for party success, desirable as it may be, and as a bid for the California vote the Democratic party is entitled to the prize. Senators Hoar and Hamlin took the position that the Republican Senatorial leaders of other days would have taken. Seward, Sumner, Fessenden, would have denounced the bill on every ground, and would have scorned such an effort for such a purpose. The earnestness and feeling of the brief discussion in the Senate, and the overwhelming force of the argument against the bill, recalled the energy of the radical debates of twenty years ago, when the Republican minority carried off the honors and the glory.

What is the imminent danger against which the bill, abruptly breaking a treaty which we had warmly welcomed, was supposed to protect us? It is the torrent of barbarism which, as is alleged, is setting in with terrible force upon our Pacific coast. What are the alarming facts? That the movement to and from China during thirty years has left a hundred thousand Chinese upon our shores, and that during the last six months more than twice as many Chinese have returned to China as have come to America. In the face of such facts Congress resolved abruptly to break a treaty, to withdraw from American citizens and commercial interests in China all treaty safeguards, and to serve notice upon every country with which we have treaty engagements that we shall violate them without notice, and whenever we choose. And all this to carry an election in California. There could have been no doubt what the Executive would do. The question was not of Chinese immigration, nor of the influx of barbarism; it was a question of the faith of treaties and of the national honor. It was precisely one of the occasions which illustrate the wisdom of the veto power confided to the Executive, and which show how the President with the veto may more truly represent public sentiment than a Congress of politicians attempting to outbid each other for a party advantage.

## "SEEING A FAIR COUNT."

The injustice of party spirit was never more strikingly illustrated than in the snap judgments recently pronounced by respectable journals, upon the most meagre reports and *ex parte* statements of correspondents, in relation to the testimony of General Barlow before the Potter committee. It is rather a serious business for such journals to brand men who stand well in the community as treacherous and dishonorable, and when it is inconsiderately done not only do the character and influence of the press justly suffer, but the public suffers by the increased reluctance of honorable men to take part in public affairs if the condition is groundless insult and calumny. The assumption hitherto has been that the Republican "visiting statesmen" went to see fair play in Florida and elsewhere, and that all the Republican visitors in Florida, excepting General Barlow, were perfectly satisfied that the vote of the State was honestly cast for Mr. Hayes. But the cross-examination of General Barlow seemed intended not to throw any light upon the question of fraud, but to be an attempted act of discipline of the witness for not insisting through thick and thin that there was no doubt that the Republicans had carried Florida. The only result of such a course is to raise the question whether the Republicans really did carry it. It has never been pretended that General Barlow did not endeavor to ascertain the facts as carefully and honestly as Mr. William E. Chandler or any of his other associates, nor that he did not insist that the same rule should govern all the returns, whether it favored the Republican side or not. But the course taken by the cross-examiners implied either that he should not have done this, or, conceding that he did it, then that he did it in a clandestine manner treacherous to his associates.

The evidence, however, shows that his associates knew that he differed from them on certain points, and the fact that he was "counsel," under such circumstances, could not change his declared position nor his moral duty. What did "counsel" mean? It meant just what General Barlow offered and gave—his legal knowledge and experience to maintain whatever he believed to be right and just upon the Republican side, but nothing more, and all this legal service to be strictly subordinated to the supreme duty of "seeing a fair count," not a Republican count. He directly and positively asserts that he never was nor assumed to be, but distinctly and expressly disclaimed being, "counsel" in any sense that should commit him to defend or advocate any Republican claim that did not seem to him to be justified by the facts, or which should prevent him from using all proper efforts to secure the end for which he came, namely, an honest count. Nothing was shown to disprove this assertion. Mr. Chandler testified that General Barlow stated this position to him distinctly, and that he replied that it was inconsistent with the position of "counsel." That was Mr. Chandler's view. It was not General Barlow's, and Mr. Chandler did not convince him. The conversation certainly shows that General Barlow did not conceal his view of his duty. It is, indeed, a preposterous proposition that a man who goes "to see a fair count," and who consents to serve as counsel for certain purposes, is thereby bound to refrain from any lawful advice or argument to or with any body in order to secure the object in view, namely, a fair count. General Barlow was not in Florida as the advocate of a certain case, bound to secure success for his political friends at all costs; he was there as an American citizen, to see that the result of an election was honestly ascertained.

But he must not do it in a "treacherous" way. Certainly not. And it was after the conversation with Mr. Chandler, and after the telegram of Mr. Brady, and after "suspicion" was aroused, that his associates asked General Barlow to argue certain points. Would this have been possible if they had really believed him to be "treacherous?" Their suspicions meant no more than that they began to believe that he would not insist at all hazards upon a Republican decision. They did not break off relations with him, as they unquestionably would have done had they believed his position to be dishonorable. They were vexed undoubtedly, and thought him perhaps very Quixotic and impracticable, but their conduct proved that they did not regard him as false. Mr. Chandler's testimony seems to show that he, at least, thought the general's position to be dishonorable. But it is conceivable that good citizens may have another standard of political honor than that of Mr. Chandler; and all such citizens will agree that any visitor, Republican or Democrat, who went to any Southern State with any other purpose and in any other spirit than that set forth by General Barlow is not a good judge of political honor. If the Republican visitors went to Florida to take a side, and by hook or by crook to claim the State for Mr. Hayes, every one of them would deserve as deep and universal a scorn as that which has fallen upon Pelton and Marble and Weed and the other Democratic cipherers. If they went simply to see that justice was done, and that there was "a fair count," it is a very suspicious fact that without attempting to show that he was wrong, the personal character of the only one who did not wholly agree with them is bitterly attacked. General Barlow's letter to the *Times* will satisfy those who do not personally know him that he did nothing unbecoming a man of honor. Those who know him need no such assurance.

## COMMON-SENSE AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

One obvious advantage to the public service of the rules of appointment just announced at the New York Custom-house is the instant relief of the pressure from individual politicians, committees, and associations to secure appointments—a pressure which is incessant, and which constantly deters the superior officers from their duties. Under a system of patronage every body who is out of work, or invalid, or who has been politically active, or who wishes an "easy berth," applies to some "person of influence" to procure him a place under government, as if there were as many places under government as there are persons who wish employment. The "persons of influence," the committees and associations, betake themselves to the Custom-house, or the Post-office, or the Navy-yard, or the departments in Washington, and begin the business of pressing and urging for appointments. The places are always full, and appointments can be made only by turning out the incumbents. To ask for an appointment, therefore, is practically to ask that somebody who is in shall be turned out, and that a man who is honest and efficient and experienced shall make way for another who is no more so.

The knowledge that this is the system, the consciousness of every incumbent that it is not his fidelity and efficiency, but the support of some influential friend, which will keep him in his place, teaches him to rely not upon himself, but upon the friend's "influence," and naturally inclines him to a servile deference to the desires and directions of the appointing officer. Knowing, also, that his time is short, the incumbent is under constant temptation to make hay while the sun shines. The system, instead of appealing to his pride, tends to destroy his self-respect. Meanwhile the constant pressure and demand for appointment produces a feeling that "persons of influence" and committees and associations have a right to dispose of the offices, and the doctrine of rotation becomes the rule of the service. Thus in three years a recent Collector removed 830 officers out of 903, the whole number employed; and in the investigation that followed the Swartwout defalcation, the Auditor, when asked why he had not mentioned a certain malfeasance of his superior that he knew of, answered, "Because we clerks of the Custom-house consider ourselves in the service of the Collector, and not in the service of the United States;" and the Assistant Cashier was also silent, as he said, "in conformity with Custom-house practice."

A competitive examination secures an appointment not by the favor of the Collector, not by the pressure of "persons of influence," committees, and associations, but by the tested and proved merit of the applicant. The good consequences are evident. It puts an end to arbitrary removals, because such removals are made in order to appoint particular persons pressed by influential politicians. It puts an end, also, to the pressure. It restores the good feeling and self-respect of the service by showing every man that he holds his place not by the favor of somebody else, but by his own good conduct. It enables the chief officers to attend to their duties instead of surrendering their time to hearing people who want other people appointed; and it reduces the number of vacancies to be filled to those which arise from death, resignation, or legitimate removal. In the thousand or more offices of the New York Custom-house, for instance, these would be so inconsiderable a number that the noble army of political bummers and dead-beats, knowing that the vacancies were few, and that the proved best man would get every one of those few, would look elsewhere for help. As for the favorite objection to an examination, that decayed school-masters and clergymen and academy and college graduates would get all the places, it is enough to say that decayed educated men and graduates of colleges are quite as likely to be efficient public servants as decayed party bummers and graduates of gin-mills and protégés of politicians, and that where especial knowledge is required, it is very much more likely to be ascertained by experience, for which a reformed system provides, than by the representations of ward associations and political committees. The rules as announced at the Custom-house will depend for their efficiency entirely upon good faith, and of that there can be in this instance no question. This, also, makes a system of probation less necessary, because, the object being an efficient service, any candidate who is appointed, but proves upon trial to be inefficient, will for that reason be dropped. The action now taken at the Custom-house is one of the most cheering signs of administrative reform, and it is a work for which the Administration and its representatives deserve the cordial gratitude and support of good citizens.

## CITY GOVERNMENT.

The proposed amendments to the Constitution of New York in regard to city government are very important, and are evidently drawn with great sagacity, and in the light of practical experience. The report and recommendations of the Commission of which Mr. Evarts was chairman, which were also the result of most intelligent deliberation, drew public attention to the subject, and instructed the public mind upon the peculiar perils of municipal government. The plan to make the tax-payers a constituency to control the finances was not favored, and the whole scheme failed of adoption, but the work of the Commission was by no means lost. The new amendments involve no change of municipal constituency for any purpose, but they apply to cities, with important modifications, the general principles of the national and State governments. They are applicable also to every city. They provide for the proper concentration and responsibility of power, and correct the loose and vague system of distribution of authority by which real responsibility is destroyed. Thus the Mayor is to appoint, with the consent of the Council, the heads of all administrative departments, and he may remove them upon filing a statement of reasons with the Clerk of the Council, filling vacancies in the same way as original appointments, and all his appointments are to expire with his own term. The heads of departments are to have similar powers over their subordinates, although the terms of their subordinates, we presume, would not expire by the removal of the head.

The city government is to have exclusive power to levy taxes and to regulate local expenditures, and no money is to be paid from the city treasury except in pursuance of an appropriation by the Council, except money received for State taxes. The Mayor is to have a veto, which the Council may overcome as the Legislature annuls the Executive veto, except in case of contracts, for debt, levying taxes, fixing salaries, and appropriating money. Cities are forbidden to incur an aggregate indebtedness beyond ten per cent. of the aggregate assessed valuation of taxable property, and rigid restrictions are laid upon contracting debt. The local taxes are not to exceed one and a half per cent. of the assessed valuation, but the Legislature in time of great public calamity may authorize additional and exceptional taxation. These are simple and excellent and practicable suggestions. They contemplate the two objects which experience has shown to be indispensable in municipal systems—the concentration, that we have mentioned, of power and responsibility, and stringent safeguards against reckless extravagance. These are purposes which all intelligent citizens have at heart, and provisions which secure more of them should have the hearty support of all such citizens.

Propositions of this kind must be judged always in a great degree by those from whom they emanate. When the Tweed Ring submitted the city charter, it could not have been doubted for a moment that however fair its appearance, it was the work of corrupt schemers, and provided a system which they were to administer. Coming from them, it should have been understood that it was a scheme of robbery made easy. Every project of the kind must be closely scrutinized in this way, and none could bear such a scrutiny more satisfactorily than that of which we speak. No suspicion of illicit purpose can possibly attach to it. It was submitted to the North-side Association by the chairman of its Law Committee, the Hon. George H. Forster, and the association adopted it and urged its passage by the Legislature. It is an amendment to the Constitution, a general law for all cities, not a special charter. It gives the Mayor great power, but not more than the Chief Magistrate of a city ought to have, and it is framed upon a tried and familiar model with such modifications as wise experience has suggested. It would be a great triumph for this overwhelmingly Republican Legislature to provide a satisfactory apportionment and a rigorous and equitable system of municipal government. Advantages are gained for a party not by palpable tricks like the Chinese Bill in Congress, but by efficient measures for promoting the public welfare. "The public" is not a fool. The quiet citizen who merely votes intelligently, and is not known as a politician, estimates very shrewdly the difference between patriotic regard for the public welfare and trimming and balancing for a partisan purpose.

## LITTLE ABUSES.

The late disclosures in regard to the supply of all kinds of articles to members of Congress under the head of contingent expenses is ludicrous and humiliating. There is a notorious relaxation of principle upon contact with the public money, and that "every body does so," and "it has always been so," and "it is perfectly understood," and "it is a recognized way of eking out the salary," are forms of the excuses and pleas which men who are not dishonest make when they deal with the public treasury. The details, as gathered from the pamphlet of contingent expenses, are remarkable. Eight hundred and thirty-six pocket-books and purses were furnished to members of the House, probably as stationery; one thousand and forty-four knives, including "Champagne knives," appear on the list, and to one gentleman a "set of cutlery," visiting-cards of all kinds, corkscrews, and "cork-holders;" opera-glasses, pocket dictionaries, and various works of economical science; Family Bibles, hymn-books, *Bible for Learners*, and *Bards of the Bible; Songs of the Sanctuary* and one backgammon board; Homer's Iliad; *Macaulay's Life; Baby Opera;* book-cases and travelling-bags; a fan, nail-brush, and cigar-case; and, with the rest, repairs of a pocket-book at twenty-five cents. There is nothing like the last since "Marcy's patch."

The publication of such facts and details is called washing dirty linen in public, because it brings the national name into disgrace to have such trivial things bruited through the world. But abuses may be laughed away in the beginning which, when suffered to grow, can be corrected only painfully and at great cost. It is the habit of concealing little public evils which fosters great public wrongs, and one of the main safeguards of a republican popular system is that it throws impurities to the surface. The indisposition to acquiesce in small outrages and swindles and abuses, the willingness to write a letter to the newspaper when things go wrong in the train or in the street, is the sign of a public spirit which takes care of the commonwealth, reduces the taxes, and raises the character of public officers. Light is the best police. "Turn on the light" is the motto of wise practical statesmanship. A great deal of the light turned on will perhaps show only that the alarm was false. But it is obscurity that makes things seem to be large, and it is in the dark that knavery burrows.

There is no knavery in the ridiculous details of the contingent expenses. The honorable gentlemen bagging their cork-holders and backgammon boards, their Iliads and travelling-bags, have no fell intention. It is mere acquiescence in a venerable abuse. But the money that buys a member of Congress an opera-glass is not his money; it is raised by public taxation; and if, as he rattles the dice and throws victorious doublets, he should reflect by what right he is possessed of his backgammon board gratis, it would be as puzzling a question to him as a point of constitutional law. It would be an excellent public service if every local paper should publish the acquisitions of its members of Congress under the head of contingent expenses. They are but sprouting and tender abuses, but those who can not see small wrongs are apt to be blind to larger wrongs, unless they hold with Mirabeau that little moralities interfere with great conduct. It is in this view that the proposition of Mr. Skinner in the New York Assembly to abolish useless offices and to prevent the constant small waste of the public money is a genuine public service; and the reponsibility of defeat will rest wholly with the majority.

## A HALF-HOUR IN AFGHANISTAN.

Major A. G. Constable, "an old Bengal gunner," has contributed a very entertaining and instructive chapter to our knowledge of Afghanistan in a number of the "Half-hour Series" just issued. The basis of his little work is a lecture recently delivered with great approbation before the American Geographical Society, and his story is that of an eye-witness. The author has served in India and in the British army of invasion of Afghanistan in the day of Dost Mohammed, the father of the Ameer Shere Ali. He gives a free-handed sketch of the country, its people, and its politics, with a clear and plain statement of the grounds of the present British policy, which the old Bengal gunner cordially approves. The little book is full of information most pleasantly conveyed—the story of an old soldier, warm and genial, such as he might tell in camp by the fire and over the pipe—and it will serve as an admirable manual for those who are too busy to undertake an exploration of all the details of the question, but who wish to have a general and distinct conception of the country and the situation.

## PERSONAL.

Lady Anne Blunt's *Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates*, just published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the most remarkable, dashing, and entertaining books of travel ever written by a lady. Lady Blunt is the granddaughter of Lord Byron. The ground over which she and her husband journeyed has scarcely been written about, and is therefore perfectly fresh to the reader. Here is a piquant little scene in Bagdad, the likes of which we have never before encountered: "Ahmet Aga, the Nawab, received us on the roof of his house, which is used as a sort of anteroom, and to which one ascends by an outer staircase, and then conducted us with much ceremony to a drawing-room on the same level. Here we found two little boys, his sons, who seemed to be eleven and twelve years old, though we have been told that they are really older, dressed in tight-waisted frock-coats, and wearing gold-embroidered caps on their heads and polished boots on their feet. They looked very shy, but had good manners. These children, it presently appeared, were married about a month ago to two little girls still younger than themselves, cousins of their own, and great heiresses. They presently came in, shyer even than their little husbands, and, one would have supposed, only old enough to be just out of the nursery, although really ten and thirteen years old. They were dressed alike, in long green dresses brocaded with gold, with gold belts, gold ear-rings, tiaras of moderately good diamonds, and new nose-rings."

—The many friends of John G. Saxe scattered throughout the land will learn with regret that the distinguished poet and genial gentleman is confined to his room in his house at Brooklyn from chronic melancholia, superinduced by illness in his own case and among members of his family. Mr. Saxe was fortunate enough to go early into the lecture field, where his brilliant and witty productions won prompt popularity, and insured for him a handsome competence. In addition to this he has been one of the most successful of American authors, over eighty editions of his poems having been published. Like several other of our most distinguished poets, Mr. Saxe is shrewd in business matters, and has amassed enough of this world's goods to give him an ample income. For several years past he has lived a life of lettered ease in his fine house in Brooklyn.

—Of the rising generation of American artists, no one has given brighter promise of great achievements than Mr. E. A. Abbey, whose picture in the water-color gallery of the Paris Exhibition was the only work of the kind sent from this side of the Atlantic that attracted the notice and commendation of Parisian art critics. Mr. Abbey is at present residing in London, in a pleasant art colony, where he enjoys the society of Boughton, Alma Tadema, and many other well-known painters. He is busily engaged in work, making studies of English life, landscape, architecture, antiquities, etc., and collecting a great variety of picturesque material which will adorn the pages of future numbers of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Abbey's reception in England has been most cordial and gratifying. The reputation of his work had preceded him; but, aside from this, his frank genial manners, his ingenuous modesty and open-heartedness, his culture and gentlemanly qualities, were an *open sesame* to the London world of art and letters. Mr. Abbey will remain some time abroad, and the readers of *Harper's Magazine* will soon have the pleasure of seeing in that periodical the first-fruits of his artistic rambles in the old country. The number for May will contain an interesting paper on Stratford-upon-Avon, written by Mr. William Winter, and richly illustrated with engravings from drawings by Mr. Abbey, and from recent photographs.

—Of the Hon. Hamilton Fish the following is related by "Gath," in a letter to the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*. Mr. Fish said: "I owed my first election to Congress, which was the cause in part of my subsequent good fortune, to a habit I had of settling disputes between neighbors without recourse to law. I went to a school kept by the grandfather of General Badeau, our consul to London. In the neighborhood were many wealthy ship-carpenters, whose sons were my companions. After I was admitted to the bar most of those boys grew up, and came to me with their suits. In five cases out of six I compromised them. I said to the litigious spirit, 'You don't want to be spending your money on courts and lawyers. See your enemy, and settle your difference. Come to my office, and I will have you meet him.' In almost all such cases the opponents became my friends, and I was elected by five hundred majority in a district invariably Democratic by nearly a thousand."

—The readers of *Harper's Magazine* will be delighted to learn that, in addition to the literary and artistic treasures which make each successive number of that periodical more attractive than the last, two serial novels are soon to be begun: "White Wings: a Yachting Romance," by William Black; and "Mary Anerly," by R. D. Blackmore. The conjunction of these brilliant luminaries is significant; for of the recent school of fiction—developed since the death of Dickens and Thackeray—each of these novelists in his own field holds easily the first place. The new novel by Black will not be a tragedy, like "Macleod of Dare," but a bright summer romance. Blackmore's new story, we are assured, will not disappoint even the most enthusiastic admirers of the author of "Lorna Doone"—the greatest romance since Walter Scott's day. These two new novels placed thus side by side will doubtless provoke comparison, but those who prefer "Mary Anerly" will insist that it is not that they love Black less, but Blackmore!

—The Austrian ambassador at Paris, the Count von Beust, is a musician and composer of merit as well as a diplomatist. He recently performed on the piano, at a musical soirée, a waltz entitled the "Retour des Indes," in commemoration of the journey of the Prince of Wales to his Eastern possessions.

—Governor Washburn has given and the Wisconsin Legislature has accepted a fine estate in Dane County, near Madison, known as "Edgewood Farm," to be used as a school for indigent boys.

—Reading lately Charles Mackay's *Forty Years' Recollections*, this paragraph concerning the "personal" habits of literary men struck us as worth quoting, because true. Mr. Mackay asked Wordsworth if there was any truth in the current report of the time that Southey had died literally of overwork. "There is no truth in it," said Wordsworth. "He was a calm and methodical worker, and *calm, steady work never kills.* It is only worry and hurry that kill. Southey wrote a great deal, but he wrote easily and pleasantly to himself. Besides, only those who have tried know what an immense deal of literary work can be got through comfortably by a man who will work regularly for only four, or even for three, hours a day. Take the case of Sir Walter Scott, for instance. What an immensity of work he got through! and yet he was always idle at one o'clock in the afternoon, and ready for any amusement. Scott died of pecuniary trouble, not of work."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, on the 20th ult., passed the Post-office Appropriation Bill, including the Brazilian subsidy clause. The House decided the Florida contested election case by unseating the Republican member, Mr. Bisbee, and substituting his Democratic opponent, Mr. Finley.—On the 22d, Hon. Zachariah Chandler, the newly elected Senator from Michigan, was sworn in. The Senate struck out of the Army Bill the reorganization section and the clause forbidding the use of soldiers at the polls. The House concurred in the Senate amendments to the Chinese Immigration Bill, and tabled the bill for the repeal of the third section of the Resumption Act as amended by the Senate.—On the 24th, the Senate adopted the Butler clause of the Army Appropriation Bill, allowing railroads to operate their telegraph lines for commercial purposes. The House rejected several of the amendments to the Internal Revenue Bill, and ordered a conference committee. The rules were suspended, and the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, amounting to $16,936,000, was passed.—The Senate, on the 25th, passed the Yellow Fever Bill, and refused to consider the claim of Mr. Corbin to the seat occupied by Mr. Butler. The House refused to pass the bill providing for the payment of the pension arrears out of the proceeds of the certificates of deposits. The Legislative Appropriation Bill was passed, with the amendment abolishing Federal supervision of elections. The Republicans abstained from voting on the amendment so as to leave the House without a quorum, but a member from Minnesota voted inadvertently, which made up the quorum. The vote on the passage of the bill was 143 to 117.—On the 26th, the Senate passed the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. The Democrats tried to exclude the section providing for the payment of the United States Deputy Marshals, but it was retained. The House passed the Census Bill, after providing that the enumerators shall be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate.—The Senate, on the 27th, refused to take up the Geneva Award Bill. The House adopted the conference committee's report on the Internal Revenue Bill.

The Ohio Prohibitionists met at Columbus on the 20th ult., and nominated G. T. Stewart for Governor, and J. W. Sharp for Lieutenant-Governor.

A reckless engineer exploded a boiler in Stockton, California, on the 22d ult., and sixteen persons were killed and twenty-six injured.

A roving band of Indian marauders who had committed grave depredations in the Lower Weiser country were pursued by the settlers, surprised in camp, and thirty-six of them were killed.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Government Amnesty Bill was adopted by the French Chamber of Deputies on the 21st ult., by a vote of 340 to 99. M. Louis Blanc's proposal for a plenary amnesty was rejected by 363 to 105.

The German Reichstag, on the 22d ult., approved the Austro-German Treaty of Commerce, and on the 25th approved the International Postal Treaty relative to registered letters.

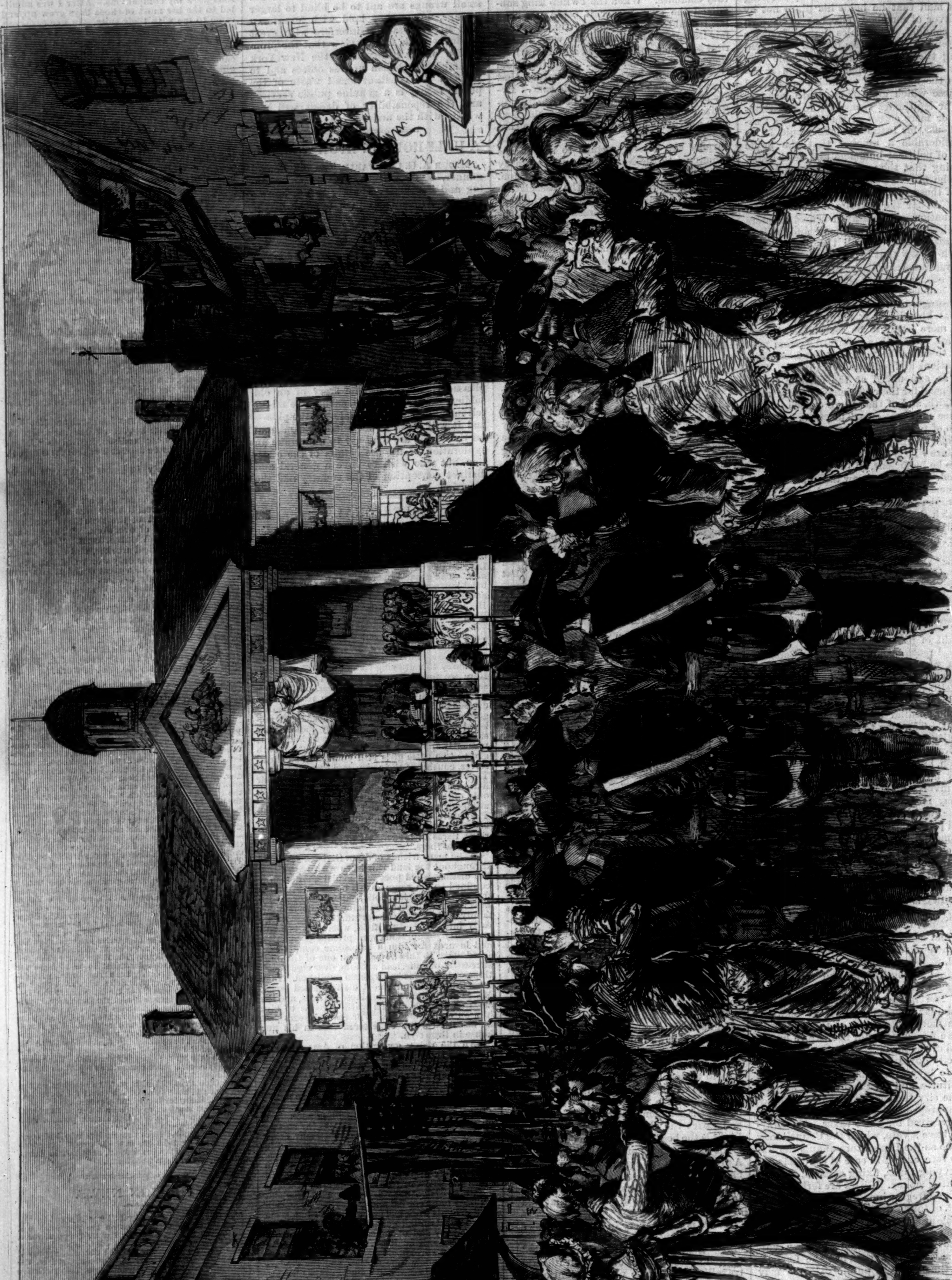
The Sanitary Department of the German government has received information confirming the statement that the plague has ceased in Astrakhan.

The British House of Commons, on the 27th ult., voted a supplementary credit of £1,500,000 for the Transvaal and Zulu wars.

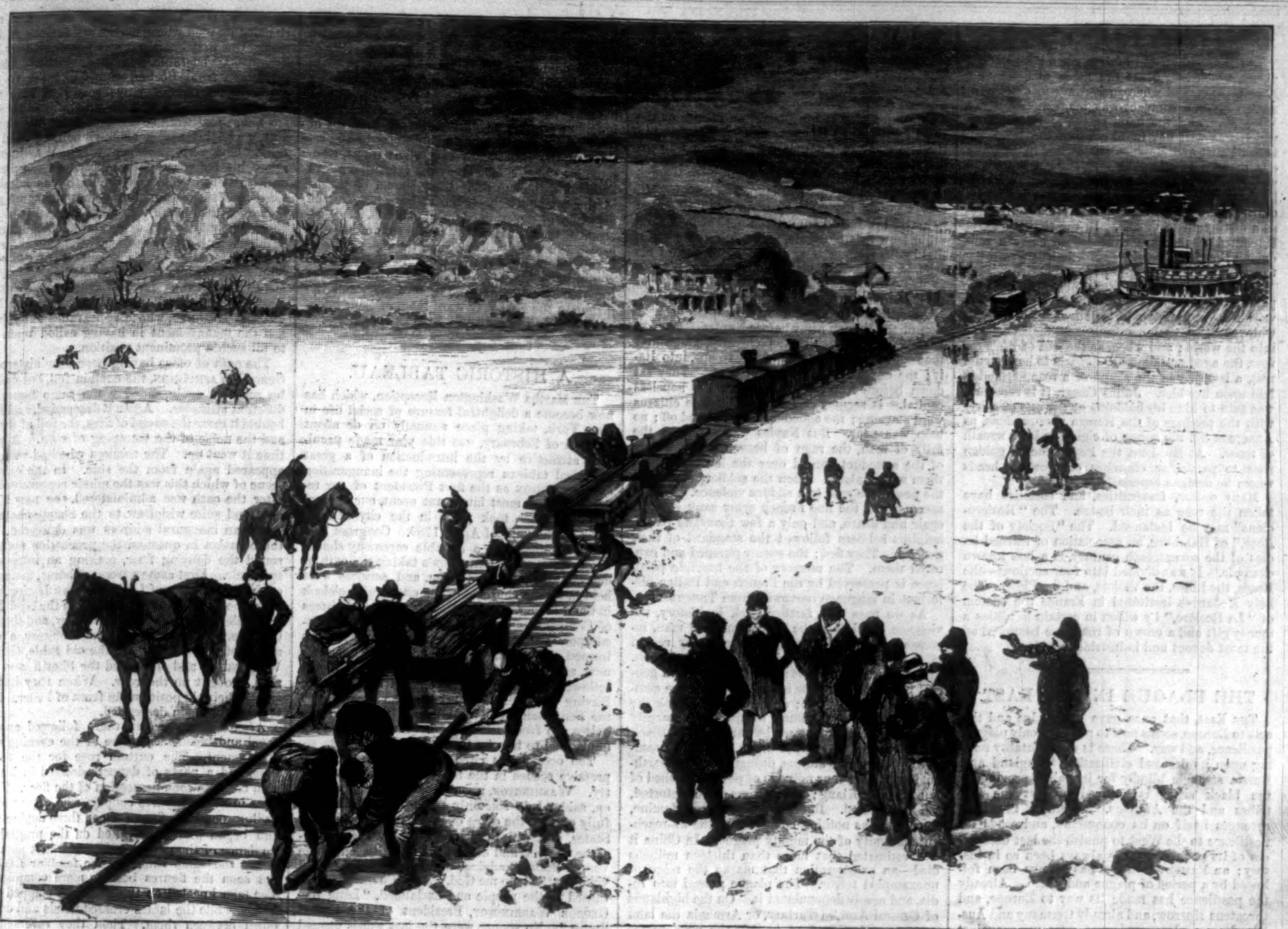
The British ship *Adriatic* stranded near Dunkirk, on the 16th ult., on the passage from Pabellon de Pica. Forty-two persons were drowned.

An avalanche near Marburg recently killed twenty-one persons and destroyed nine houses.

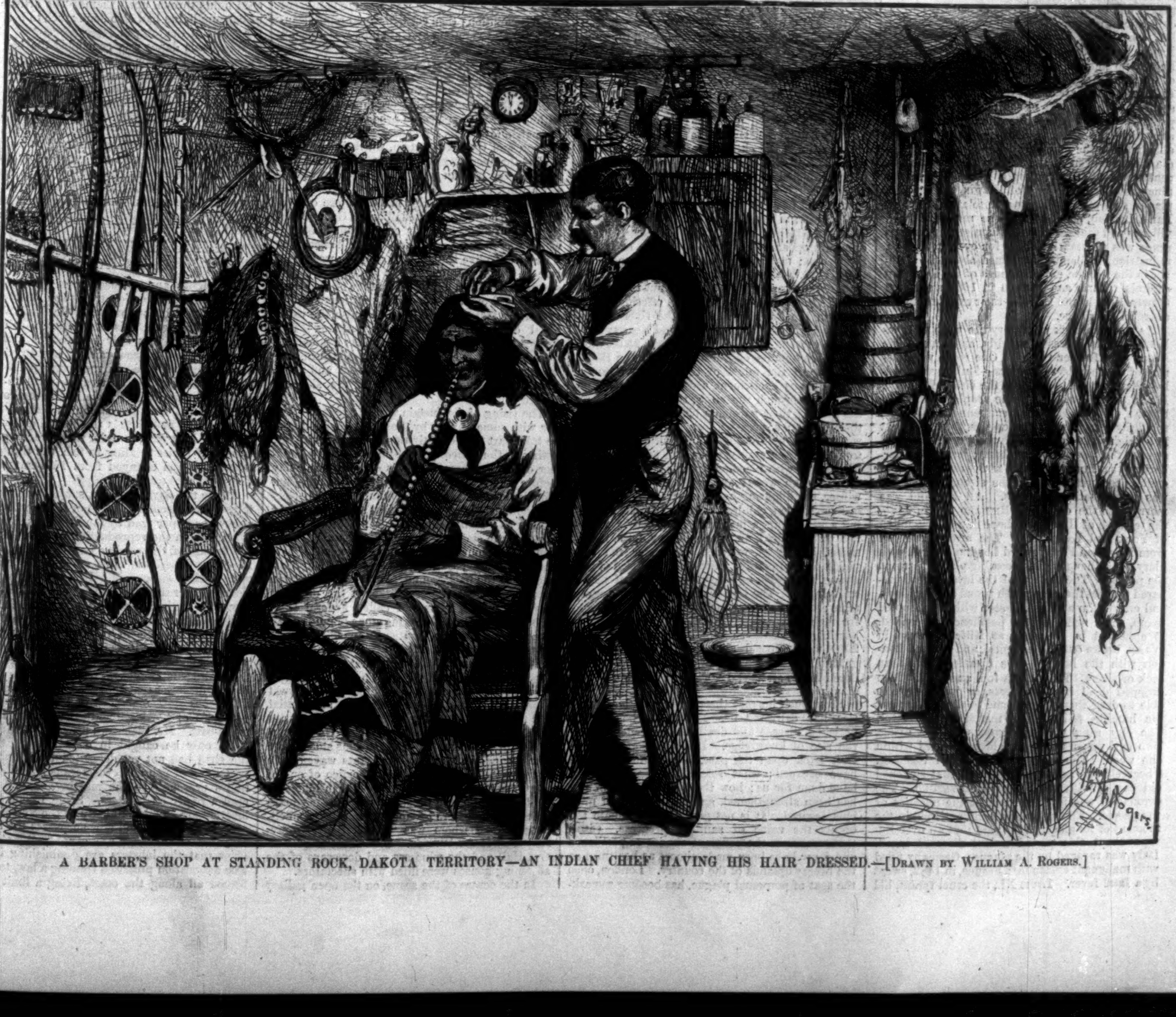
The King of Burmah has murdered all the royal princes and their families, numbering eighty-six, and removed the new ministers, replacing the old ones, and restoring the former despotic government.



THE MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION, ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK—TABLEAU REPRESENTING THE FIRST INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 206.]



ACROSS THE MISSOURI RIVER BY RAIL, AT BISMARCK, DAKOTA TERRITORY.—From a Photograph by F. J. Haynes.—[See Page 207.]



A BARBER'S SHOP AT STANDING ROCK, DAKOTA TERRITORY—AN INDIAN CHIEF HAVING HIS HAIR DRESSED.—[Drawn by William A. Rogers.]

## ROSE LEGENDS.

In the neighborhood of Jerusalem is a pleasant valley, which still bears the name of Solomon's Rose Garden, and where, according to a Mohammedan myth, a compact was made between the Wise Man and the genii of the Morning Land, which was writ not in blood, like the bond between Faust and Mephistopheles, nor in gall, like our modern treaties, but with saffron and rose-water upon the petals of white roses. In Paris, in the sixteenth century, an edict was issued requiring all Jews to wear a rose on their breasts as a distinguishing mark. In the Catholic Tyrol betrothed swains are expected to carry a rose during the period of their betrothal, as a warning to young maidens of their engaged state.

Roses have played and still play an important part in popular usages in many other parts of the world. In Germany young girls deck their hair with white roses for their confirmation—their entrance into the world; and when, at the end of life's career, the aged grandmother departs to her eternal rest, a last gift in the shape of a rose garland is laid upon her bier. Julius Cæsar, it is recorded, was fain to hide his baldness at the age of thirty with the produce of the Roman rose gardens, as Anacreon hid the snows of eighty under a wreath of roses. At Mid-Lent the Pope sends a golden rose to particular churches or crowned heads whom he designs especially to honor.

Many orders, fraternities, and societies have taken the rose as their badge. The "Rosicrucians" may be instanced. The "Society of the Rose," of Hamburg, an association of learned ladies of the seventeenth century, is a less known example. It was divided into four sections—the Roses, the Lilies, the Violets, and the Pinks. The holy Medardus instituted in France the custom of "La Rosière," by which in certain localities a money gift and a crown of roses are bestowed on the most devout and industrious maiden.

## THE PLAGUE IN THE EAST.

The East, that once gave knowledge and the arts to Europe, seems now to pour out only plague, pestilence, and war. There is a sad fatality resting upon its decayed civilization. England and Russia struggle blindly for its fallen provinces; the black sepoy is arrayed against the hill tribes and the Afghans. Meantime the East revenges itself on its conquerors, and sends its pestilence to the West to punish the last destroyers of its people. It has always been so in history; an Eastern invasion has always been followed by a period of plague and death. Already the pestilence has made its way to Europe, and threatens Moscow, and already Germany and Austria draw a close cordon of quarantine against the Russian territory, and hope, perhaps in vain, to exclude the fatal Eastern gift from the populous cities of the Danube and the Rhine. Yet it is the peculiar good fortune of the modern age that it has escaped in a great measure from the epidemics that once preyed upon Europe. The last century has been a singularly healthy one. Except two or three outbreaks of cholera, it has known no general mortality. The yellow fever of the South has been limited to a narrow region. Life has been extended by science, made more secure by the progress of sanitary regulations, by personal care, and the introduction in cities of aqueducts and sewers. The contrast is remarkable between the innumerable plagues of the Middle Ages, or even of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the comparative immunity of the nineteenth. In the age of Milton the Oriental plague still ravaged Europe, desolated Florence, Paris, London, penetrated to the remote English villages and the Scandinavian hamlets. Its recurrence was constantly looked for even in cleanly, industrious Holland. It seemed always to slumber in the narrow, crowded lanes of the European capitals. Paris and London in 1600 resembled Constantinople and Cairo in their exposure to the dreadful pestilence.

As we pass back in history the woes of mankind seem to increase steadily, and human life hangs by a feebler thread. One reads with dismay of the countless disorders—foul, fierce, deadly—that ravaged incessantly the cities of Europe. It was the gross habits of the people, we are told by the chroniclers, their drunkenness, revelries, the filthy houses, untended castles, the cities shut in by high walls that exclude the air, the crowded streets, the poverty, vice, shame, ignorance, barbarism, that invited disease; and it rained down in endless tortures. One of the strangest of them was the sweating-sickness. All England was merry with the defeat of Richard III. in 1485, the triumph of Henry, the hope of a lasting union of York and Lancaster. The army moved on from Bosworth Field toward London covered with glory. No thought of the coming plague alarmed the people. The citizens of the loyal capital prepared to meet their king with proud acclamations, and crown him at Westminster with unexampled pomp, when suddenly the pestilence descended. It appeared in the army at Milford Haven, in Wales, broke out in the capital, and covered London with the horrors of a disaster worse than sack or siege. The air was foul and fetid. Men dropped dead in the streets, or were scarcely able to drag themselves home to die. The rich, the humble, fell by the merciless tormentor. The city rang with the groans of the dying. Two lord mayors and six aldermen died within one week. The strong, the sick, fell together. "Scarcely one amongst a hundred that sickened did escape with life," says Hollynshed. The coronation was forgotten amidst the miseries of the people. The victorious army perished in the moment of its glory. It is said that all over Europe about this period violent diseases raged. Italy was ravaged by the plague; Germany filled with malignant epidemics; France, in 1482, swept by a fatal fever. Louis XI., the cruel tyrant, hid in his tower from the infection, and ordered his forty cross-bowmen to shoot down any living thing—man or beast—that came near the castle. The face of nature seemed disturbed. Heavy rains fell over England, vast flights of locusts covered Southern Europe, the harvests failed in France, the poor fed on herbs, an eclipse of the sun in 1485 filled men's minds with gloom, and the vile army of Richmond, made up of wandering freebooters, brought with them the elements of disease. The sweating-sickness came again to England in 1506. In 1517, when Henry VIII. was wasting in prodigal luxury the ill-gotten gains of his father, the people perished—a shivering fit, a brief struggle, and death was certain. Sir Thomas More tells the story of one of his friends, a learned scholar, who boasted of his own security from the plague, but died of it two or three hours afterward.

About this time happened the complete destruction of the French army before Naples. Francis I. had sent his nobles, his chivalry, and thirty thousand men, the flower of his troops, into Italy; the imperialists fled before them. They sat down before Naples, and besieged the hopeless capital. It seemed certain to fall. The citizens were starving; the aqueducts were turned off; no help was near. But Naples was saved by the folly of man, the rage of heaven. The waters of the aqueduct, spread over the lowlands, filled them with malaria. Soon the soldiers sickened; the pestilence rose to a sudden violence. Within seven weeks the fine French army sank into despair and death, and only a few thousand pallid, helpless soldiers followed the standard of their general. They fled; the enemy pursued and captured them. The memory of the horrible pestilence is preserved by the French and Italian historians in language borrowed from Thucydides.

As we pass still farther back in history, the violence of disease, the helplessness of man, increase. Every city, every village, every region of the earth, was filled with constant contagion. The Black Death in 1348 was preceded by a general pestilence. In the island of Cyprus the common plague broke out; an earthquake shook the hapless land, the sea burst in upon it. Scarcely any of its inhabitants were left alive. The Black Death began, it is said, in China. It was preceded by floods and storms, drought, famine, earthquakes, terror; four millions of people perished of famine near Kiang; the seasons were distorted, the air infected. But the ravages of war, famine, want, were as nothing compared to the all-reaching malignity of the mighty plague. In China it was estimated that more than thirteen millions died—an exaggeration that marks the reign of unexampled terror. The plague passed into India, and nearly depopulated it. On the highlands of Central Asia, in Tartary, or Armenia the land was covered with dead bodies, the wild wastes were sown with death. It reached Syria; Cyprus was again almost a desert. Ships without crews floated on the Mediterranean, and no one came near them, as afterward ships floated on the North Sea, and carried the pestilence with them. At length, in 1347–48, the plague approached the cities of Europe, passing from China with the caravans along the shores of the Caspian, or from India to Bagdad, Egypt, and Constantinople. Early in 1347 it reached Sicily, Marseilles; in January, 1348, it appeared at Avignon, at Florence in April, in England in August. Its course was erratic, and Russia escaped until 1351 the terrors that had fallen upon Constantinople three years before.

It was upon the cities of Europe, the crowded centres of all the abuses of barbarism, that the plague inflicted its necessary penalties. The record of their losses throws into insignificance all that is told of any modern disease. In Florence 60,000 died; in Venice, 100,000; in Paris, 50,000; Avignon, 60,000; London, 100,000. Nearly every other European city lost in a similar or larger proportion; many were left without a single inhabitant. Wealthy men thronged with their gold to the monasteries for protection, but the monks closed their gates against their offerings. At Avignon the Pope consecrated the river Rhone as a burial-place. In Denmark and Norway navigation ceased. It is computed that 25,000,000 of the inhabitants of Europe died of the Black Plague. In the midst of the universal woe a wild religious excitement arose: the Flagellants wandered through the cities, their eyes fixed on the ground, their garments black, a red cross on their breast; scourges knotted with iron points were borne before them, and with these they tore their flesh, amidst sighs and tears, covering themselves with bleeding wounds. From city to city, through woods and wilds, in the severest winter, the blighting heat, the strange procession of men, women, children, marched onward, chanting a sad hymn, a mad wail of despair. A victim was required, and the unhappy Jews, industrious, intelligent, wealthy, fell under the suspicion of the fanatics. They were accused of poisoning the wells, of infecting the air, of magic and sorcery. The Christians resolved to destroy them; the noble and the mean formed a league for their extirpation. All Europe rang with the horrible persecution of the Jews. At Strasburg 2000 were burned alive in their own burial-ground; a few escaped the flames, and were murdered in the streets; 12,000 were put to death at Mayence.

From such horrors the progress of five centuries has delivered us. Fanaticism has nearly perished, disease and death have receded before the rise of knowledge. It is well sometimes to look back upon the past, to see from what we have escaped; what science, education, labor, have done for us; how the brittle thread of life has been strengthened, and the comfort of millions assured. It is not possible to estimate too highly the value of sanitary progress. Cities that were once the constant abodes of pestilence and fever have been made almost as healthful as the breezy uplands of the country. London, once the seat of perpetual plague, has become remarkable for its low death rate, its pure air. Paris stands not far below it. In most European cities the conditions that once invited the Eastern pestilence no longer exist; and if it come to them at all, it will appear in a milder form than when castle and cottage united in defying the laws of health. The sternest pessimist can not refute the proofs of sanitary advance. But the progress of the past teaches us how valuable may be the results of the future, how carefully nations, communities, cities, should study the rules that guard and cherish human life. They should be taught in the common school, the college, become the first aim of governments and officials. A government that devotes itself to the care of life and health will necessarily become the most popular of all. Our New World cities, in the pride of youth, have too often neglected to provide for the requirements of sanitary progress, and the plague in the East may warn them of their indiscretion and their peril. Eugene Lawrence.

## A HISTORIC TABLEAU.

The Martha Washington Reception, which has now become a delightful feature of social life in New York, taking place annually on or about the 22d of February, was this year made peculiarly attractive by the introduction of a great historical tableau representing the inauguration of Washington as the first President of our republic. This most important event, our readers will remember, took place in the city of New York on the 30th of April, 1789. Congress having determined that a suitable ceremony should be observed on Washington's taking the oath of office, a day was fixed upon, and services were held in all the churches of the city at nine o'clock in the morning. Soon after noon the committees of Congress and the heads of departments waited upon Washington, and a grand procession was formed, the military in advance, the committees next, and then the President in a coach alone, followed by various civil officers and citizens. Having arrived at Federal Hall, he ascended to the Senate-chamber, and passed thence to the balcony in front, where the oath of office was administered to him by Chancellor Livingston.

The occasion is cited as one of the most impressive scenes in the brief history of our country. Washington, reverently appealing to Heaven, said, "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States," adding, as he kissed the sacred volume, "So help me God." The Chancellor then turned to the people and exclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States." No sooner were the last words uttered than the spectators took up the cry, and the air was filled with acclamations which nearly drowned the roar of the cannon. Benson J. Lossing, in his *Field-Book of the Revolution*, in speaking of the scene, says, "That was the crowning act of the Revolution; then constitutional republicanism, pure and vigorous and abiding, was first inaugurated upon earth."

In preparing for the reception, which this year took place in the Academy of Music on the evening of the 20th of February, the ladies and gentlemen to whom the arrangements were intrusted spared neither labor nor expense to produce a most brilliant patriotic display. The decorations were magnificent, and the drop-curtain, which in the early part of the evening hid the stage, where preparations for the tableau were being made, was in itself a work of art. At the top and sides it was decorated with a specially painted piece of drapery. Two large bronze medallions of General and Mrs. Washington hung by cords from a bar on which was perched an eagle. Around them was a wreath of olive leaves. At one side was a picture of Mount Vernon, and at the other a representation of the tomb of the Father of his Country. Out from these hung the national colors, gracefully festooned. There was also the usual floral display throughout the building. Two bushes laden with crimson camellias flanked the principal entrance to the dancing platform, and immense vases filled with cut flowers and intertwined with evergreens stood at the side entrances.

The rising of the curtain was an event watched for with some anxiety by those who had gathered to take part in the festivities of the evening, for, owing to the difficulty of posing so large a number of performers, there was considerable delay before the tableau was ready for exhibition. Finally, however, at twenty minutes before eleven, the music of the "President's March," better known as "Hail, Columbia," was heard, and the curtain rose slowly, revealing the beautiful scene depicted in our engraving on page 204. The stage presented a remarkably realistic appearance. In the background, facing the spectators, was an excellent representation of the old New York City Hall, afterward called Federal Hall. This was a substantial-looking stone building, with a recess and balcony, fronted by an old-fashioned iron railing, and supported by Greek pillars in the centre. The decorations were literal transcripts of those which ornamented the old hall. On the left of the square was a scenic counterpart of the old Verplanck mansion—an eminently substantial and respectable building in red brick, two stories high, with narrow stone trimmings. On the other side of the stage humbler mansions stood, from whose windows Norwegian peasants waved their pocket-handkerchiefs. On the portico of one of these mansions sat a young lady clad in blue, languidly watching the proceedings. In the square before the hall were grouped the military and citizens, among whom was "Black Sally," represented by Mary Wilson. The windows of Federal Hall and the windows and doorways of the adjoining houses were filled with spectators.

In the centre of the scene, on the open gallery of Federal Hall, stood General Washington, surrounded by men whose names are famous in history. Our first President was personated by Mr. Tibbits—a venerable and distinguished-looking gentleman from Boston, whose likeness to the original was remarked by every one. He was dressed in a suit of dark brown cloth, white silk stockings, and wore silver buckles on his shoes; a gray wig, tied with a black ribbon, adorned his head. The very Bible on which Washington swore his inaugural oath reposed on a crimson cushion before him, and the oath was administered by Robert Livingston—not the same gentleman of that name who administered it ninety years ago, but a direct descendant. The crimson cushion was held by Samuel A. Otis, Secretary of State, represented by Mr. Creswell, of the same family. Near him stood John Adams, Vice-President (Mr. Crane). Lady Washington, as she is most frequently called, was personated by Mrs. Francis Meagher, whose appearance fully justified the management in having called upon her to fill such a prominent position.

The oath of office having been administered to General Washington, the curtain fell, but only to be rung up again, showing the same figures in different attitudes. Again it descended, and from behind it came the sound of fifes, the roll of drums, and the noise of the tramping of men. A third time it went up. The soldiers who had vanished appeared again from the side. In the original scene of which this was the mimic representation, after the oath was administered, the new President and suite withdrew to the Senate-chamber, where an inaugural address was delivered. On the occasion in question the procession marched round the dancing floor, making an interesting spectacle. First came a troop of horse, dismounted, in the uniform of Lee's Partisan Legion, then came the German Grenadiers, then the New York Grenadiers, then the Scotch Infantry, and then the Continentals. The Marshal and officers, a committee of Masons carrying the old Bible, General Washington and suite, and the Sheriff and citizens, brought up the rear. When they had resumed their old positions in front of Federal Hall, the curtain again descended.

After the procession there followed another novel and beautiful feature of the evening's entertainment. The curtain rose for the fourth time, and a party of dancers dressed in Norwegian costume took possession of the floor. There were in all twenty-five couples, who, after promenading round the floor, formed three double sets, and began what was called on the programme "a dance of the olden time." The first part was about the same thing as the familiar Lancers, but soon the figures became more complicated. The men kneeled on the floor and clapped their hands, while the ladies crossed hands and danced down between them. Then they reversed, the ladies taking to their knees and the gentlemen dancing over their heads. The costumes were brilliant, after the manner of peasant costumes, and the effect was heightened by the many colored lights thrown upon them. The artistic use of calcium-lights had also done much to heighten the effect of the tableau.

When this dance was concluded the ball was opened, and the floor was soon filled, gentlemen in knee-breeches dancing in the same set with gentlemen in swallow-tail coats, and ladies with powdered hair and patches side by side with the latest Paris importation. Altogether the occasion was a most successful one, although the attendance was not so large as could have been desired, considering that the proceeds of the entertainment were designed to replenish the exchequer of St. John's Guild, one of the most enterprising and useful charitable associations in our city.

## AMERICAN FISH-CULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

The eighth annual meeting of the American Fish-cultural Association took place on the 25th and 26th of February at the Fulton Street Wholesale Fish Market. This association, which at its commencement was only intended as a method of protection for trout-raising, has by degrees wonderfully increased in membership, influence, and scope of subjects treated, until to-day it is one of the leading societies in the country. There is but one association in Europe which resembles it, and that is the Deutches Fischerei Verein. Last year, in order to embrace a greater variety of topics relating to fish, the title of the association was changed from Fish-culturists to Fish-cultural.

At the two days' meeting, subjects of great interest were discussed. One of the most remarkable was a paper read by the President, Robert B. Roosevelt, on the reproduction of eels. Though the female of the eel has been found with eggs fairly developed, the male eel with his milt has not yet been discovered. It is not yet perfectly clear whether the reproduction of eels follows the same law as that of other fish. Mr. E. G. Blackford read a paper on white-bait. Some objections were possible in regard to catching these small fish, because it was thought that white-bait were small shad. Professor Baird, on examining the white-bait caught at Gravesend Bay, Long Island, declared that they were the young of the *Pomolobus pseudoharengus* and the *P. mediocris*—species of herring identical with the English white-bait. Mr. Blackford proved that white-bait could only be caught in certain months, when the shad had not yet deposited their eggs. As protection of fish and crustaceans enters into the topics presented to the meeting, Mr. S. Johnson read a paper on lobsters. Some 15,000 tons of lobsters are caught annually on the New England coast, but the demand now surpasses the supply. Lobsters of all sizes are caught, and statistics show that the lobsters are diminishing in size. The association proposed framing a law, to be enforced all along the coast, fixing a limit to the size of the lobsters which would be marketable, considering that lobsters under 10½ inches should not be caught. Among numerous papers read were the following: on "Aquaria," by Fred Mather; on "Choice of Fish for Various Localities," by Seth Green; on "Trout Culture," by Mr. J. Annin, Jun.; on "Prehistoric Fishing and Fishing Implements," by B. Phillips; and on the "Enemies of Trout," by Mr. H. D. M'Govern. The association will meet next year at the close of March. The officers of the association are R. B. Roosevelt, New York State Fish Commissioner, President; G. Shepperd Page, Vice-President; B. Phillips, Corresponding Secretary; J. Annin, Jun., Recording Secretary; E. G. Blackford, Treasurer.

## ACROSS THE MISSOURI BY RAIL.

On the 12th of February the first locomotive and train of the Northern Pacific crossed over the Missouri River west from Bismarck. Our sketch on page 205 faithfully outlines the cold wintry job. The thermometer was ten degrees below zero, and the ice bridge spanning the "Big Muddy" from thirty-six to forty-two inches thick. The iron rails were placed upon twelve-foot ties, twelve inches wide, with three-feet centres, and resting directly upon the ice. Chief Engineer Rosser tested the ice by loading fifty tons of earth upon a space twenty feet square. The ice gave way during the night, the earth cutting out a piece exactly conforming to the line of the base of the pile. General Rosser accepted this evidence of the strength of the ice as satisfactory, and, contrary to all precedent in railroad building in the United States, constructed his track upon the frozen surface of the river. The track is perfectly level, and the rails are thirty feet long. Trains are not permitted to remain standing upon the track. The motion of the train is favorable to the experiment, which may be regarded as an engineering success.

The Northern Pacific is in course of construction one hundred miles west from Bismarck, and the engineers are using this method of transporting the materials across the river before the ice breaks up.

## ABOUT BATS.

There are perhaps a dozen species of bats respectively designed to act their part in different parts of the world, but they are all winged quadrupeds, various in size, corresponding to the duties they have to perform, and to the climates in which they are located. Of whatever species, the bat is mammiferous. It suckles its young, of which it has one or two at a birth, and its mouth is provided with teeth. It has four legs, but two of them resemble arms, and it has a tail extended from the vertebræ. Each arm consists of two long bones with an elbow-joint. At the outer extremity of the arm, as with a human hand, there are four fingers and a thumb. The fingers are long thin bones attached lengthwise to the membranous wing, which they expand like the slender whalebones of an umbrella—a most beautiful and effective arrangement. The thumb projects, and is an interesting member. It resembles a claw or hook. By means of its two hooked thumbs the creature can suspend itself from branches of trees or other projections, and is enabled to draw itself forward on the ground. The legs are short, with knee-joints, and the claws of the toes help the thumbs in the matter of suspension. Arms, legs, and tail are all united with the membrane of the wings, and materially aid in propulsion through the air. Every thing in the general structure of the animal is subsidiary to the function of flying. The wings, however, are inferior to the wings of birds, such as those of the swallow. But they perfectly fulfill their purpose. Consisting of a membrane which wraps the body like a cloak, these bat wings are powerful in darting swiftly in a series of jerks and zigzags in pursuit of moths and other insects. Besides relying on its eyesight, the bat possesses the advantage of an extremely delicate susceptibility in its thin membranous wings which reveals the presence of any insect it happens to touch in its flight. Had the wings been of feathers like those of birds, this important quality of detecting insects by the slightest touch would have been lost.

Numerous fanciful notions are entertained regarding bats. They are said to be able to see in the dark, and that they are bloody and vengeful in their nature. As concerns seeing in the dark, that is quite erroneous. Their power of avoiding obstacles when flying in darkened places is not due to their eyes, but to that keen sensibility in their wings that has been just alluded to. The thin leathery wings of bats are their antennæ, or feelers. Darting about in all directions in utter darkness, they are never by any chance impeded or injured by obstacles that happen to be in their way. Experiments have been made by stretching strings across darkened places in which a number of them are confined, and no string is ever disturbed in their flight. The exquisitely radiated system of nerves in a bat's wing offers one of the finest studies in animal physiology, or, we might say, in natural theology. Shall a creature so ingeniously formed be spoken of with sentiments of hostility or derision? On the contrary, it should excite our warmest admiration. Artists from time immemorial have been in the habit of depicting malevolent demons with wings on the pattern of those of the bat—a piece of conventionality wholly at variance with what is learned from a contemplation of the actual facts in nature. The bat is no more fiendish than the swallow or any other bird which has been appointed to rid the atmosphere of superfluous and destructive insects.

Only one species, chiefly inhabiting the dense forests of South America, and designated the vampire-bat, is known to have a taste for blood. This appetite, like that of the gadfly, is demonstrated principally in settling on the shoulders and flanks of quadrupeds, and with their teeth inflicting wounds that are apt to be troublesome. In the absence of animals to be attacked, natives sleeping in the open air are said occasionally to suffer from incisions in their feet or toes. Waterton, in his South American rambles, was exceedingly anxious to be bitten by the vampire-bats, and slung his hammock in an open loft for the purpose, without effect. The bats that fluttered about all night declined to meddle with him, but a native Indian lying near at hand suffered by the abstraction of blood from his toes. Fowls were likewise attacked, and an unfortunate donkey came in for a large share of attention. Vampire-bats, wherever found, are provided with sharp-pointed incisors, so arranged as to make a triple puncture like that of a leech, and as in the case of leeches, these bats might possibly be rendered medically available as phlebotomists. Their habits appear to have originated the Eastern superstition of the vampire—a troubled spirit that with carnivorous appetites preyed on living beings by sucking their blood during sleep, and which, under the name of ghoul, figures in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the designation vampire, given to the poor bats, was derived from the vampire of legendary superstition. Anyway, the bats are guiltless of the hideous revelries we hear of in the old legends.

Viewed as strange creatures, neither exactly one thing nor another, bats possess strong characteristics of their own. For one thing, bats do not live gloomily aloof from each other, but form communities in which, we may suppose, they derive much mutual comfort. Some species are more gregarious than others; but on the whole they indulge in the pleasure of living together in places away from other animals. They are to be found in garrets, church spires, and caverns, where during winter they can socially suspend themselves by their claws to rafters or to the clefts of rocks. If the place be particularly suitable for their hibernating habits, they may be seen hanging in myriads with their heads downward, yet not so dormant as they seem, for upon any noisy intrusion they will burst away like a cloud overhead.

Besides being companionable in their seclusion, bats may challenge any living creatures for the care of their young. They show immense parental solicitude. The female carries her infant bats about with her, covering them the best way she can in her cloak-like wings, and from time to time resting to suckle them. On these occasions the papa bat lends a helping hand. He watches over the mother and her charge, tending them assiduously, and nestling close to them to impart warmth and protection. In some respects, therefore, the good conduct of bats might afford a lesson to beings of much higher pretension. Facts like these, acting on the higher emotions, should materially qualify the ordinary ideas about bats. From their retiring and crepuscular habits, they can hardly be made pets of, like dogs or canaries. Nevertheless, as observed in their aerial flights, they are gentle and amusing; and instead of being pelted, abused, and shot at, they invite our interest, compassion, and gratitude. As auxiliary to certain birds, they are of much service to the agriculturist and gardener by keeping down the numbers of noxious winged insects.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### Calendar.

MARCH.

*Sunday*, 16.—Third Sunday in Lent.
*Sunday*, 23.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
*Tuesday*, 25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
*Sunday*, 30.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.

The Legislature of Rhode Island has protested against the anti-Chinese bill passed by Congress; William Lloyd Garrison has also spoken a strong word in favor of the Chinaman, Senator Blaine an equally strong word on the other side. There are, in reality, two questions involved in this case; the one touches its substance, the other the method adopted by us. As to the first, it has been shown that in 1878 more Chinese departed from the Pacific coast than arrived there. After thirty years of immigration, there are not many more than one hundred thousand Chinamen in California. Nothing in these results can justify a breach of the solemn obligations of a treaty. There is unquestionably an evil in the fact that the Chinese come as laborers under contract, and not as families. This and any other defect in the working of our treaty with China can be remedied more decently by the usual method of revision. In addition to the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board and the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of New York, the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Philadelphia and the American and Foreign Antislavery Society have requested the President to veto the bill.

The prospect of the passage of the new education law of Belgium is bitterly bewailed by European Catholics. From 1870 to 1877 the Church party controlled the administration of the state; in June, 1877, the liberals carried the elections, and a new ministry was formed, with M. Frère Orban at its head. The old education law made religious instruction compulsory, and gave the clergy the right of visiting and inspecting the schools. The result was that education was controlled by the Catholic priesthood. The new bill forbids the school-masters to teach religion; religious instruction may be given by the local clergy, but this must be done before or after school-hours. The clergy have, however, no authority to inspect the schools or to make official complaints against the teachers. The Catholic opponents of the bill lay much stress upon the fact that M. Frère Orban is a leader of the Masons of Belgium.

The debts of Archbishop Purcell's savings-bank have gone far beyond the first estimates of their amount. It is now stated that they will reach four million dollars. The German Catholics of his bishopric have complained that the Irish were favored in the expenditure of this money for diocesan purposes, and are unwilling to do much in supporting the scheme of relief. How was such an enormous debt contracted? is a question which is asked on every side. One opinion is that the archbishop took the people's money at six per cent. annual interest and put it into church buildings, which, of course, paid no revenue. The interest on the deposits, therefore, went on compounding for over twenty years. This, though probably true, appears almost incredible.

The British Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund has reached already £70,000. The general committee invested with the duty of superintending appeals for contributions have resolved to appropriate £10,000 for the establishment of an orphanage. A gentleman of the name of Jevons offers to give £9000 for this purpose. The sum of £8000 will be set apart as a permanent fund, of which the interest will be appropriated to the relief of necessitous local preachers. Aid will also be given to Methodism in Scotland and the Connectional Temperance Committee. The Wesleyans of Ireland have changed their well-known connectional school in Dublin to a college, which will be known as Wesley College. A new building has been erected for its accommodation, at a cost of £14,000. They have also a college at Belfast, with an endowment of £20,000.

The Friends, or Quakers, have one argument in their favor as a distinct people which is in every way to their honor. It is that the average of life among them is greater than that of the rest of the community. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is authority for the statement that elaborate tables prove the expectation of life at the birth of a male Friend to be 45.34 years, "the mean among the general public being 40.36." The average life of Quakers is, however, above this mean value; it has been shown to vary from a little over fifty-one to fifty-eight years. Out of 943 deaths of Quakers occurring during the last thirty years, there were 163 of persons under the age of thirty at death, 224 died between thirty and sixty, 517 between sixty and ninety, and 39 at ninety and over.

The movement for the suppression of the Oneida Community in this State, if suppression is possible, has not begun too soon. Its existence has been long a great scandal. Noyes and his followers have occupied the site on which they now live for thirty years. They have combined business shrewdness with systematic licentiousness. On the 14th of February a meeting was held in the parlors of the University of Syracuse, to consider the best means to be adopted for the enforcement of law against the Community. Fifty gentlemen were present, among whom were Bishops Huntington and Peck; Chancellor Haven; Professor Mears, of Hamilton College; the Rev. Drs. Torrey, Holbrook, Fowler, Warren, and Van Slyke. Two resolutions were adopted: (1) That it is the urgent duty of the people of the State to take measures for the suppression of the immoral features of the Oneida Community; (2) that a committee be appointed to whom shall be referred all questions of fact and law relating to the Oneida Community, and of the measures which ought to be adopted, to report at such future meeting as the committee shall call. Bishop Huntington was appointed chairman.

Father Hyacinthe finds already that in France as in Switzerland the Church reformer treads a thorny path. He has written a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, in which he apprises him of the opening of the new Gallican Church in Paris, and "expresses regret that the religious system temporarily triumphant in France obliges the successor of St. Denis to condemn as heretical the doctrines which were long the strength and glory of the French Church." Most judicious friends of Father Hyacinthe will regret that this letter was written. The archbishop has replied briefly, and reminds him that in the view of the Church he is nothing more than an excommunicated person. The Bishop of Ely has written to Dr. Eden, the Primus of Scotland, that advice only, and not help, was pledged by the Lambeth Conference to the Old Catholics and others on the continent of Europe who have renounced the Church of Rome. He maintains that in offering Father Hyacinthe the assistance of the English Church the Primus has gone beyond his powers. This, coming at the moment of the sending of the oratorical letter to the Archbishop of Paris, is very unlucky for the French reformer. It should be stated that the presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States and the bishop in charge of the mission stations in Europe are both members of the committee of which the Primus of Scotland is the head.

Great concern has been created by the alleged misappropriation of funds of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society (Congregational), charged upon the late treasurer, Mr. Demond. The executive committee of the society, having made a thorough examination, now report that the treasurer has disposed of all the securities of the society, valued at $86,000, without their knowledge. He has substituted for the securities sold others of little or no value. They hope, however, to recover part of the sum of $19,000, which was set apart as a permanent fund.

The meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga in May next will be an event in its history. The Commissioners will pay their own way without taxing the hospitality of the people. This change removes one of the reasons for reduced representation. Although the great hotels will not be opened so early in the season, arrangements are making for the accommodation of all who may attend.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Hugh M'Neile, Canon of Ripon, and long a leader of the evangelicals in the Established Church, has suggested much remark upon the altered positions of Church parties in England. Within the Establishment the evangelical party has undoubtedly lost ground, if not in numbers, then in power. The London *Times*, while noting the fact, pays a deserved tribute to the work done by its leaders. "They abolished," says this paper, "the slave-trade; they organized benevolence; they revived religion; they reformed manners; they were the first to take in hand the education of the people. ....Their theology was narrow and austere, but they went to the Bible and to an upright conscience for their rule of faith, and they recked little of the Church and of its authority." This is indeed high praise. The growth of the reaction against evangelicalism, led by Keble and Newman, is one of the most interesting passages of modern ecclesiastical history. It should be stated, however, that the *Record* disputes the assertion of the decline of the evangelicals in the English Church. "The torch kindled by Wesley and Whitefield," it says, "has *not* passed almost by natural succession into the hands of Keble and Newman." The history of the recent growth of Church parties in England is yet to be written.

The tenement-house system of New York was made the topic of sermons delivered on Sunday, February 23, by Rev. Drs. Marvin R. Vincent and Morgan Dix, Rev. John W. Kramer, and other ministers. Two large meetings were also held on that evening, one in the Madison Square Presbyterian, the other in the Anthon Memorial Protestant Episcopal church. At these gatherings men spoke who have had large experience in dealing with the problems of city life. Charles L. Brace said: "New York has a pre-eminence in youthful criminals. In the Children's Aid Society about fifteen thousand children seek shelter in the lodging-houses in one year. About six thousand are sent to prisons. A boy brought up with such surroundings is a natural criminal, and for a little girl to keep pure under such circumstances is almost impossible." Dr. Elisha Harris, well known from his connection with the Board of Health, gave it as his opinion that of the twenty-four thousand infants born yearly in the tenement-houses there was very little chance of the survival of more than one-quarter. Dr. Stephen Smith, formerly a member of the Health Board, put the number of children who die annually in New York at sixteen thousand; the chief causes of disease and death among them he considered to be the foul air and filth amidst which they live. Mr. Alfred T. White, of Brooklyn, exhibited plans of improved houses erected by him; these have outside staircases, and secure privacy for each family. It is to be hoped that some measures of reform may grow out of this revived interest in the housing of half of the people of New York.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A cockney inquired at the post-office the other day for a letter for "Euery Hogden." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere," he replied, a little angrily, "you've hexamined a hodd letter for my name. It don't commence with a haitch. It begins with a ho. Look in the 'ole that's got the hoes."

"There," said the shop-man, pointing to a beautiful épergne—"there's a fine centre piece." "Cent apiece?" gasped old Mrs. Bagster, who stood near—"cent apiece? You may wrap up two of them for me, if you please, Mr. Smith;" adding, *sotto voce*, "I'd no idee them things was so cheap."

At Ann Arbor one of the students bet the crowd that one of the professors in the law department would treat them. After the money was put up, some one asked, "What will the professor treat us on?" "Treatise on international law," was the reply. After which there was an awful silence.

Dr. Johnson remarked, when he heard that a friend of his had married a second time, that it was an instance of the triumph of hope over experience.

The great want of the church just now is a congregation.

All the signers of the Declaration of Independence signed their names with quill pens except one; he signed his Witherspoon.

A man froze the bottom of his feet lately, and as he held them to the stove he remarked, "Two soles with but a single thaw out."

The Portsmouth *Times* tells of a well-known homœopathic physician of that city who has been presented with an eleven-pound-and-a-half girl. Looks as if somebody in that family didn't believe in homœopathic doses.

A contemporary has been asked, "Can a man belong to a brass-band and be a Christian?" It replies: "We see no impediment in the way. But if he is a member of a brass-band, and is given to practicing on a cornet or trombone at home, it is an impossibility for the man living next door to be a Christian."

Popular Song in England.—"By, Baby Bunting, Dizzy's gone a-hunting to get a little Afghan skin to wrap the British lion in."

"Isn't it funny?" he exclaimed, as he leaned back in his seat at the theatre, and wiped away the tears that the laughter-provoking comedian had produced. "Yes, I should say so," responded his fair companion; "it's one of her sister's old one's made over." His jaw dropped into his lap as he turned his gaze upon the young lady in front, whose *personnel* his partner had been studying.

Cleanliness is generally regarded as a virtue, but in Germany they call a bath "bad," and even in France they look upon it as a "bain."

Fat Cook (*with conscious blushes, to the lady who wants to engage her*). "As to their bein' no followers allowed, mum, you might recollect as you've been single yourself; and a girl as is rayther showy in figger can't well help 'em comin' about."

Mrs. Partington declares that she does not wish to vote, as she fears she could not stand the electrical franchise.

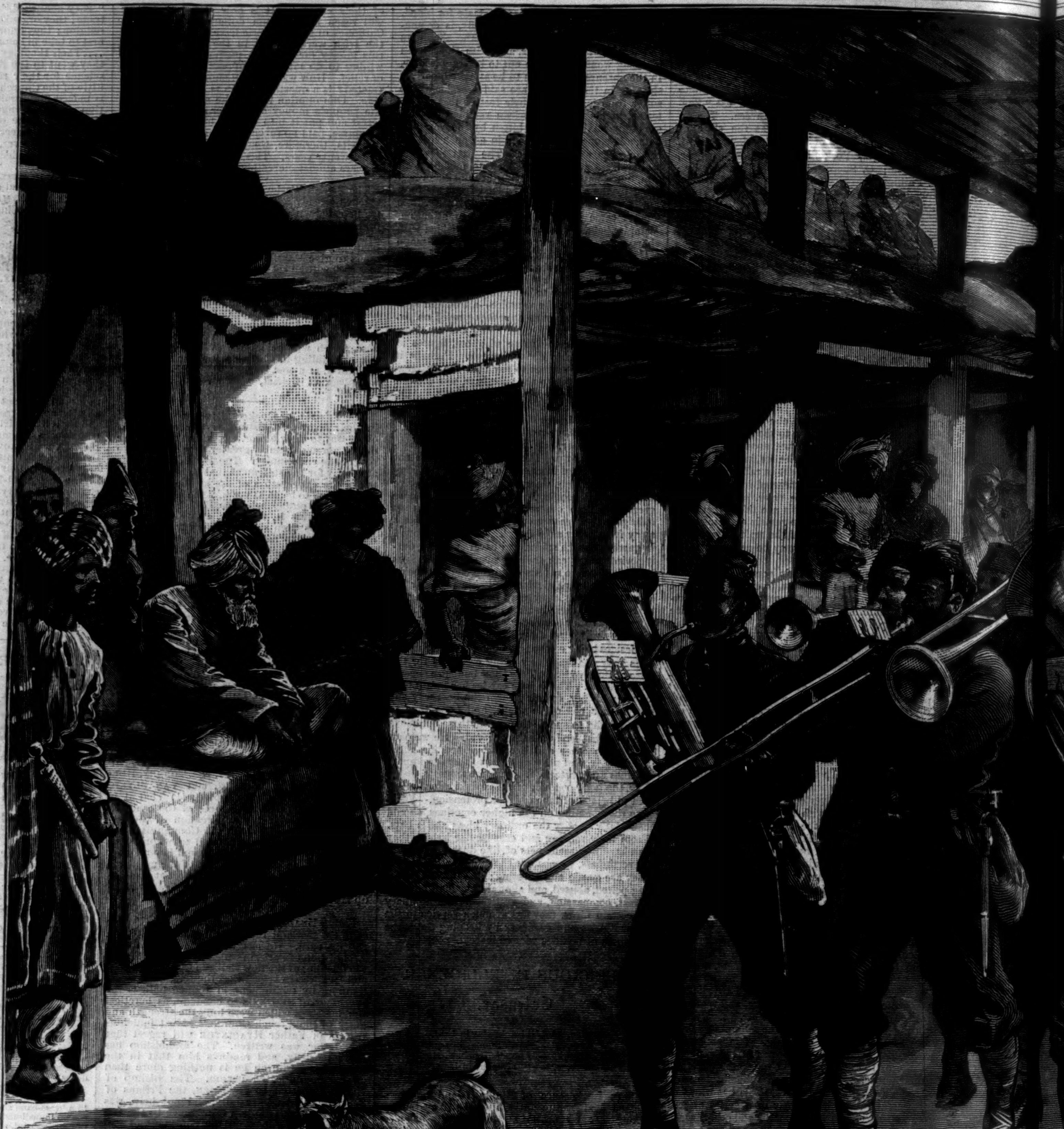
Thompson says you may talk of your water cures, your movement cures, and your blue-glass cures; but there is nothing like the sinecure, after all.

A Dutch saloonist, when asked why he hung a beer mug in front of his place, replied: "Don't dot Constitution of de United States say, 'Hang out your banners on dose outside walls?' So I puts mine flag on de front wall of mine shtore."

"Oh, I suppose he loves Sarah, and would be glad to marry her," she was saying to another woman in the post-office corridor yesterday; "but I dunno." "Isn't he a nice young man?" asked the other. "Well, he's nice enough, but very reckless with his money. At Christmas-time he made us a present of a French clock for the parlor, and there's not one of us in the house could speak a word of French. He might just as well have presented us with a German thermometer or a Spanish umbrella. We had to trade it for a barrel of molasses."

## MARCHING THROUGH JELALABAD.

THE entry of Sir SAMUEL BROWNE's division of troops into Jelalabad, Afghanistan, at noon of December 20, was made in the following order: The Tenth Hussars and MANDERSON's battery of Royal Horse Artillery. After that General MACPHERSON entered with his staff, followed by the fourth battalion of the Rifle Brigade, with their band playing the "Old Ninety-five." Then followed the Twentieth Sikhs, and the Fourth Goorkhas with their band in action. They had intended to play "Slap bang, here we are again," to indicate that the army were only re-occupying old quarters, but the music had been left behind. The rear was brought up by the Frontier Brigade, under Brigadier-General JENKINS. This contained the guides, DE LAUTOUR's mule mountain battery, and First Sikhs with their bagpipes playing. After passing out by the Cabool Durwaza, they wheeled to the left, and got round to the camp. Our illustration shows the Fourth Goorkhas marching through the bazar, under command of Colonel TURTON, who is seen riding next after the band, followed by Major ROWCROFT and Lieutenant BOLTON, with the artist behind them. Just in front of the regimental band runs the pet dog of the Fourth Goorkhas, a white bull-dog with a stumpy tail, which they call "Bullie." He is a very gentle creature at ordinary times, but as fierce as a Goorkha when roused to anger.



THE AFGHAN WAR—THE FOURTH GOORKHA MARC

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

## VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXX.

"KURZ IST DER SCHMERZ UND EWIG IST DIE FREUDE."

CAPTAIN CARMICHAEL said no more about Lord Mallow; but Violet had to listen to much plaintive bemoaning from her mother, who could not understand how any well-brought-up young woman could refuse an Irish peer with a fine estate, and the delights of a *trousseau* made by the renowned Theodore. Upon this latter detail Mrs. Carmichael dwelt at more length than upon that minor circumstance in a marriage—the bride-groom.

"It would have been such a pleasure to me to plan your *trousseau*, darling," she said; "such an occupation for my mind in these wretched winter afternoons when there is no possibility of driving or making calls. I should have attended to every thing myself. Theodore's general way is to make a list of what she thinks necessary, allowing her customer to correct it; but I should not have been satisfied with that, even from Theodore, though I admit that her taste is perfect. And then, you know, she is hand in glove with Worth, and that alone is a liberal education, as somebody says somewhere about something. No, dear, I would have done it all myself. I know the exact shades that suit your complexion, the dashes of color that contrast with and light up your hair, the style that sets off your figure. Your *trousseau* should be talked about in society, and even described in the fashion magazines. And then Lord Mallow is really so very nice—and has such a charming barytone—what more can you want?"

"Only to love him, mamma dearest, which I do not, and never shall. That frank loud voice of his does not stir a fibre of my heart. I like him extremely, and so I do Mr. Scobel, and Bates the groom. Lord Mallow is no more to me than either of those. Indeed, Bates is much nearer and dearer, for he loved my father."

"My dear Violet, you have the most republican ideas. Imagine any one putting Bates on a level with Lord Mallow!"

"I don't, mamma. I only say he is more to me than Lord Mallow could ever be."

"Your travelling dress," murmured Mrs. Carmichael, her mind still dwelling on the *trousseau*; "that affords more scope for taste than the wedding gown. Velvet suits your style, but is too heavy for your age. A soft clinging cashmere, now, one of those delicious neutral tints that have been so fashionable lately, over an underskirt of a warmer color in *poult de soie*, a picturesque costume that would faintly recall Lely's portraits at Hampton Court."

"Dear mamma, what is the use of talking about dresses I am never going to require? Not for all the finery that Theodore ever made would I marry Lord Mallow, or any body else. I am happy enough with you, and my horse, and my dog, and all the dear old things, animal and vegetable, that belong to this dear old place. I shall never leave you or the Forest. Can you not be content to know this, and let me alone?"

"You are a very willful girl, Violet, and ridiculously blind to your own interests," remarked Mrs. Carmichael, throwing herself back in her chair with a fretful look, "and you put me in an absurd position. The duchess quite congratulated me about your brilliant prospects, when we were chatting together on New-Year's Eve. Any body could see how devoted Lord Mallow was, she said, and what a splendid match it would be for you."

"Let the duchess marry her own daughter, and leave me alone," cried Vixen, scornfully.

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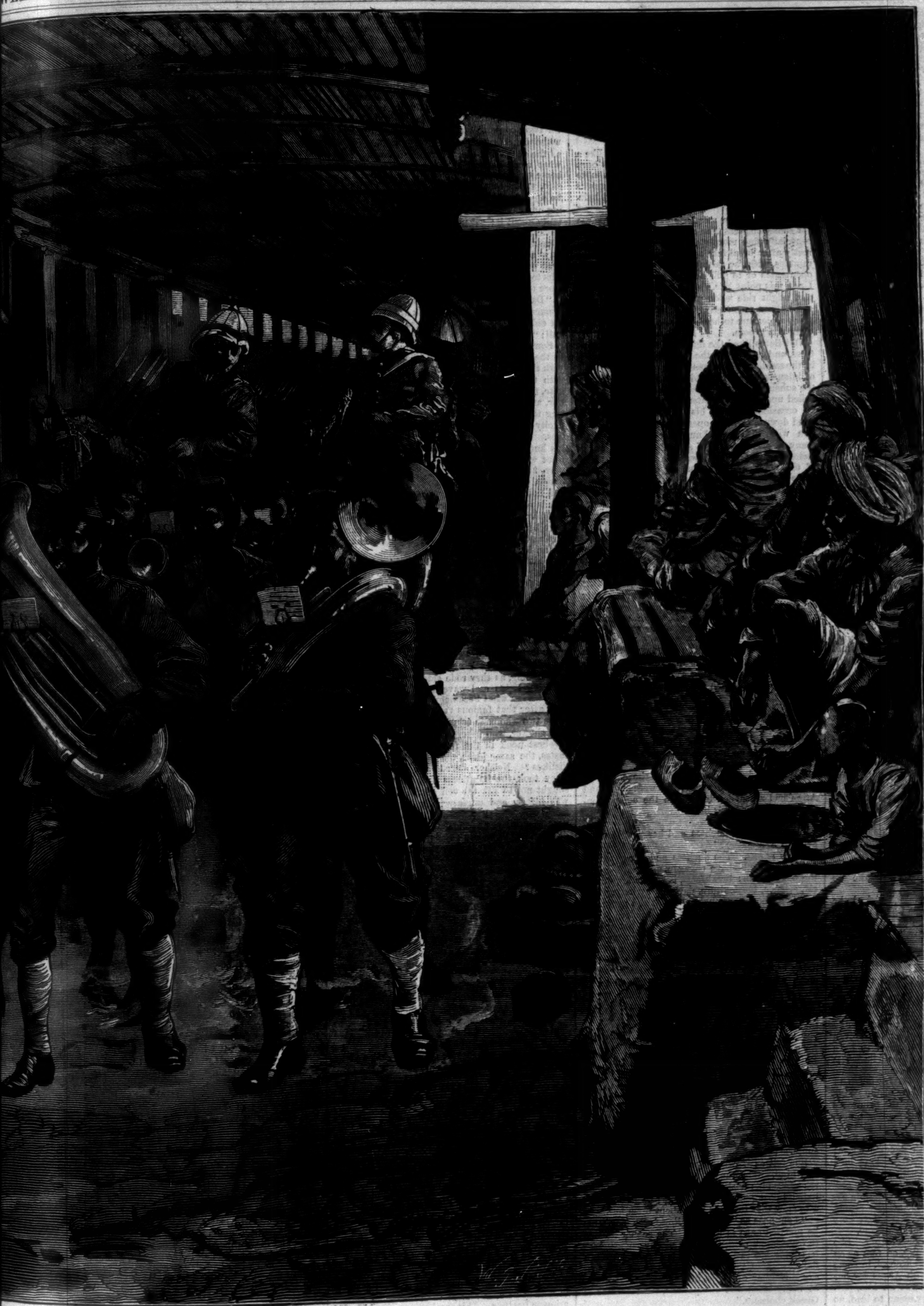

MARCHING THROUGH THE BAZAR, JELALABAD.

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Spring put on her green mantle; and when the woods were starred with primroses, and the banks lovely with heaven-hued dog-violets, every one of any pretension to importance in the social scale began to flee from the Forest as from a loathsome place. Lord Ellangowan's train of vans and wagons set out for the railway station with their load of chests and baskets. Julius Cæsar's baggage was as nothing to the Saratoga trunks and bonnet boxes of Lady Ellangowan. The departure of the Israelites from Egypt was hardly a mightier business than this emigration of the Ellangowan household. The duke and duchess and Lady Mabel Ashbourne left for the Queen Anne house at Kensington, whereat the fashionable London papers broke out in paragraphs of rejoicing, and the local journals bewailed the extinction of their sun.

The London season had begun, and only the nobodies staid in the Forest to watch the rosy sunsets glow and fade behind the yellow oaks; to see the purple of the beech boughs change mysteriously to brightest green, and the bluebells burst into blossom in the untrodden glades and bottoms. Captain Carmichael found a small house in Mayfair, which he hired for six weeks, at a rent which he pronounced exorbitant. He sacrificed his own ideas of prudence to the gratification of his wife, who had made up her mind that she had scarcely the right to exist until she had been presented to her sovereign in her new name. But when Mrs. Carmichael ventured to suggest the Duchess of Dovedale as her sponsor on this solemn occasion, her husband sternly tabooed the notion.

"My aunt, Lady Susan Carmichael, is the proper person to present you," he said, authoritatively.

"But is she really your aunt, Conrad? You never mentioned her before we were married."

"She is my father's third cousin by marriage; but we have always called her aunt. She is the widow of Major-General Carmichael, who distinguished himself in the last war with Tippoo Sahib, and had a place at court in the reign of William the Fourth."

"She must be dreadfully old and dowdy," sighed Mrs. Carmichael, whose only historical idea of the Sailor King's reign was as a period of short waists and beaver bonnets.

"She is not a chicken, and she does not spend eight hundred a year on her dress-maker," retorted the captain. "But she is a very worthy woman, and highly respected by her friends. Why should you ask a favor of the Duchess of Dovedale?"

"Her name would look so well in the papers," pleaded Mrs. Carmichael.

"The name of your husband's kinswoman will look much more respectable," answered the captain; and in this, as in most matters, he had his own way.

Lady Susan Carmichael was brought from her palatial retirement to spend a fortnight in Mayfair. She was bony, wiggy, and snuffy; wore false teeth and seedy apparel; but she was well-bred and well-informed, and Vixen got on with her much better than with the accomplished captain. Lady Susan took to Vixen, and these two went out for early walks together in the adjacent Green Park, and perambulated the picture-galleries before Mrs. Carmichael had braced herself up for the fatigues of a fashionable afternoon.

Sometimes they came across Mr. Vawdrey at a picture-gallery or in the Park; and at the first of these chance meetings, struck by the obvious delight with which the two young people greeted each other, Lady Susan jumped to a conclusion.

"That's your young man, I suppose, my dear?" she said, bluntly, when Rorie had left them.

"Oh, Lady Susan!"

"It's a vulgar expression, I know, my dear, but it comes natural to me; I hear it so often from my house-maids. I fancied that you and that handsome young fellow must be engaged."

"Oh no. We are only old friends. He is engaged to Lady Mabel Ashbourne—a very grand match."

"That's a pity," said Lady Susan.

"Why?"

"Well, my dear," answered the old lady, hesitatingly, "because when one hears of a grand match, it generally means that a young man is marrying for the sake of money, and that young old friend of yours looks too good to throw himself away like that."

"Oh, but indeed, Lady Susan, it is not so in Rorie's case. He has plenty of money of his own."

The important day came; and Lady Susan, Mrs. Carmichael, and Violet packed themselves and their finery into a capacious carriage, and set off for St. James's. The fair Pamela's costume was an elaborate example of Theodore's highest art; colors, design, all of the newest—a delicate harmony of half-tints, an indescribable interblending of feathers, lace, and flowers. Violet was simply and elegantly dressed by the same great artist. Lady Susan wore a petticoat and train that must have been made in the time of Queen Adelaide. Yes, the faded and unknown hue of the substantial brocade, the skimpiness of the satin, the quaint devices in piping-cord and feather stitch, must assuredly have been coeval with that good woman's famous hat and spencer.

Poor Mrs. Carmichael was horrified when she saw her husband's kinswoman attired for the ceremony, not a whit less wiggy and snuffy than usual, and with three lean ostrich feathers starting erect from her back hair, like the ladies in the proscenium boxes of Skelt's Theatre, whose gayly painted effigies were so dear to our childhood.

Poor Pamela felt inclined to shed tears. Even her confidence in the perfection of her own toilet could hardly sustain her against the horror of being presented by such a scarecrow.

The ceremony went off satisfactorily, in spite of Lady Susan's antiquated garments. Nobody laughed. Perhaps the *habitués* of St. James's were accustomed to scarecrows. Violet's fresh young beauty attracted some little notice as she waited among the crowd of *débutantes;* but on its being ascertained that she was nobody in particular, curiosity languished and died.

Mrs. Carmichael wanted to exhibit her court dress at the opera that evening, but her husband protested against this display as bad style. Vixen was only too glad to throw off her finery, the tulle puffings and festoonings, and floral wreaths and bouquets, which made movement difficult and sitting down almost impossible.

Those six weeks in town were chiefly devoted to gayety. Mrs. Carmichael's Hampshire friends called on her, and followed up their calls by invitations to dinner, and at the dinners she generally met people who were on the eve of giving a garden party, or a concert, or a dance, and who begged to be allowed to send her a card for that entertainment, spoken of modestly as a thing of no account. And then there was a hurried interchange of calls, and Violet found herself meandering about an unknown croquet lawn, amongst unknown nobodies, under a burning sun, looking at other girls, dressed like herself in dresses *à la* Theodore, with the last thing in sleeves and the last cut in trains, all pretending to be amused by the vapid and languid observations of the cavalier told off to them, paired like companions of the chain at Toulon, and almost as joyless.

Violet Tempest attended no less than eight private concerts during those six weeks, and heard the same new ballad, and the same latest *gavotte* in C minor, at every one of them. She was taken to piano-forte recitals in fashionable squares and streets, and heard Bach and Beethoven till her heart ached with pity for the patient labor of the performers, knowing how poorly she and the majority of mankind appreciated their efforts. She went to a few dances that were rather amusing, and waltzed to her heart's content. She rode Arion in the Row, and horse and rider were admired as perfect after their kind. Once she met Lord Mallow, riding beside Lady Mabel Ashbourne and the Duke of Dovedale. His florid cheek paled a little at the sight of her. They passed each other with a friendly bow, and this was their only meeting. Lord Mallow left cards at the house in Mayfair a week before the Carmichaels went back to Hampshire. He had been working hard at his senatorial duties, and had made some telling speeches upon the Irish land question. People talked of him as a rising politician; and whenever his name appeared in the morning papers Mrs. Carmichael uplifted her voice at the breakfast table, and made her wail about Violet's folly in refusing such an excellent young man.

"It would have been so nice to be able to talk about my daughter, Lady Mallow, and Castle Mallow," said Pamela, in confidence, to her husband.

"No doubt, my dear," he answered, coolly; "but when you bring up a young woman to have her own way in every thing, you must take the consequences."

"It is very ungrateful of Violet," sighed the afflicted mother, "after the pains I have taken to dress her prettily ever since she was a baby. It is a very poor return for my care."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

THEY were all back at the Abbey House again early in June, and Vixen breathed more freely in her sweet native air. How dear, how doubly beautiful, every thing seemed to her after even so brief an exile! But it was a grief to have missed the apple bloom and the bluebells. The woods were putting on their ripe summer beauty; the beeches had lost the first freshness of their tender green; the amber glory of the young oak leaves was over; the last of the primroses had paled and faded among the spreading bracken; masses of snowy hawthorn bloom gleamed white amidst the woodland shadows; bean fields in full bloom filled the air with delicate odors; the summer winds swept across the long lush grass in the meadows, beautiful with ever-varying lights and shadows; families of sturdy black piglings were grubbing on the waste turf beside every road, and the forest fly was getting strong upon the wing. The depths of Mark Ash were dark at noontide under their roof of foliage.

Vixen revelled in the summer weather. She was out from morning till evening, on foot or on horseback, sketching or reading a novel, in some solitary corner of the woods, with Argus for her companion and guardian. It was an idle, purposeless existence for a young woman to lead, no doubt; but Violet Tempest knew of no better thing that life offered for her to do.

Neither her mother nor Captain Carmichael interfered with her liberty. The captain had his own occupations and amusements, and his wife was given up to frivolities which left no room in her mind for anxiety about her only daughter. So long as Violet looked fresh and pretty at the breakfast table, and was nicely dressed in the evening, Mrs. Carmichael thought that all was well: or, at least, as well as it ever could be with a girl who had been so besotted as to refuse a wealthy young nobleman. So Vixen went her own way, and nobody cared. She seemed to have a passion for solitude, and avoided even her old friends, the Scobels, who had made themselves odious by their championship of Lord Mallow.

The London season was at its height when the Carmichaels went back to Hampshire. The Dovedales were to be at Kensington till the beginning of July, with Mr. Vawdrey in attendance upon them. He had rooms in Ebury Street, and had assumed an urban air which in Vixen's opinion made him execrable.

"I can't tell you how hateful you look in lavender gloves and a high hat," she said to him one day in Clarges Street.

"I dare say I look more natural dressed like a gamekeeper," he answered, lightly; "I was born so. As for the high hat, you can't hate it more than I do; and I have always considered gloves a foolishness on a level with pigtails and hair-powder."

Vixen had been wandering in her old haunts for something less than a fortnight, when, on one especially fine morning, she mounted Arion directly after breakfast and started on one of her rambles, with the faithful Bates in attendance, to open gates or to pull her out of bogs if needful. Upon this point Mrs. Carmichael was strict. Violet might ride when and where she pleased—since these meanderings in the Forest were so great a pleasure to her—but she must never ride without a groom.

Old Bates liked the duty. He adored his mistress, and had spent the greater part of his life in the saddle. There was no more enjoyable kind of idleness possible for him than to jog along in the sunshine on one of the captain's old hunters, called upon for no greater exertion than to flick an occasional fly off his horse's haunch, or to bend down and hook open the gate of a plantation with his stout hunting-crop. Bates had many a brief snatch of slumber in those warm inclosures, where the air was heavy with the scent of the pines, and the buzzing of summer flies made a perpetual lullaby. There was a delicious sense of repose in such a sleep, but it was not quite so pleasant to be jerked suddenly into the waking world by a savage plunge of the aggravated hunter's hind-legs, goaded to madness by a lively specimen of the forest fly.

On this particular morning Vixen was in a thoughtful mood, and Arion was lazy. She let him walk at a leisurely pace under the beeches of Gretnam Wood, and through the quiet paths of the New Park plantations. He came slowly out into Queen's Bower, tossing his delicate head and sniffing the summer air. The streamlets were rippling gayly in the noontide sun; far off on the yellow common a solitary angler was whipping the stream—quite an unusual figure in the lonely landscape. A delicious slumberous quiet reigned over all the scene. Vixen was lost in thought, Bates was dreaming, when a horse's hoofs came up stealthily beside Arion, and a manly voice startled the sultry stillness.

"I've got rid of the high hat for this year, and I'm my own man again," said the voice; and then a strong brown hand was laid upon Vixen's glove, and swallowed up her slender fingers in its warm grasp.

"When did you come back?" she asked, as soon as their friendly greetings were over, and Arion had reconciled himself to the companionship of Mr. Vawdrey's hack.

"Late last night."

"And have the duchess and her people come back to Ashbourne?"

"*Pas si bête.* The duchess and her people—meaning Mabel—have engagements six deep for the next month: breakfasts, lawn parties, music, art, science, horticulture, dancing, archery, every form of laborious amusement that the genius of man has invented. One of our modern sages has said that life would be tolerable but for its amusements. I am of that wise man's opinion. Fashionable festivities are my aversion. So I told Mabel frankly that I found my good spirits being crushed out of me by the weight of too much pleasure, and that I must come home to look after my farm. The dear old duke recognized that duty immediately, and gave me all sorts of messages and admonitions for his bailiff."

"And you are really free to do what you like for a month?" exclaimed Vixen, naïvely. "Poor Rorie! How glad you must be!"

"My liberty is of even greater extent. I am free till the middle of August, when I am to join the Dovedales in Scotland. Later, I suppose, the duke will go to Baden, or to some newly discovered fountain in the Black Forest. He could not exist for a twelvemonth without German waters."

"And after that there will be a wedding, I suppose?" said Violet.

She felt as if called upon to say something of this kind. She wanted Rorie to know that she recognized his position as an engaged man. She hated talking about the business, but she felt somehow that this was incumbent upon her.

"I suppose so," answered Rorie: "a man must be married once in his life. The sooner he gets the ceremony over, the better. My engagement has hung fire rather. There is always a kind of flatness about the thing between cousins, I dare say. Neither of us is in a hurry. Mabel has so many ideas and occupations, from orchids to Greek choruses."

"She is very clever," said Vixen.

"She is clever and good, and I am very proud of her," answered Rorie, loyally.

He felt as if he were walking on the brink of a precipice, and that it needed all his care to steer clear of the edge.

After this there was no more said about Lady Mabel. Vixen and Rorie rode on happily side by side, as wholly absorbed in each other as Lancelot and Guinevere—when the knight brought the lady home through the smiling land, in the glad boyhood of the year, by tinkling rivulet and shadowy covert, and twisted ivy and spreading chestnut fans—and with no more thought of Lady Mabel than those two had of King Arthur.

It was the first of many such rides in the fair June weather. Vixen and Rorie were always meeting in that sweet pathless entanglement of oak and beech and holly, where the cattle line of the spreading branches was just high enough to clear Vixen's coquettish little hat, or in the long straight fir plantations, where the light was darkened even at noonday, and where the slumberous stillness was broken only by the hum of summer flies. It was hardly possible, it seemed to Violet, for two people to be always riding in the forest without meeting each other very often. Various as the paths are, they all cross somewhere: and what more natural than to see Rorie's brown horse trotting calmly along the grass by the wayside, at the first bend of the road? They made no appointments, or were not conscious of making any; but they always met. There was a fatality about it: yet neither Rorie nor Violet ever seemed surprised at this persistence of fate. They were always glad to see each other; they had always a world to tell each other. If the earth had been newly made every day, with a new set of beings to people it, those two could hardly have had more to say.

"Darned if I can tell what our young miss and Muster Vawdrey can find to talk about," said honest old Bates, over his dish of tea in the servants' hall; "but their tongues ha' never done wagging."

Sometimes Miss Tempest and Mr. Vawdrey went to the kennels together, and idled away an hour with the hounds, while their horses stood at ease with their bridles looped round the five-barred gate, their heads hanging lazily over the topmost bar, and their big soft eyes dreamily contemplating the opposite pine wood, with that large capacity for perfect idleness common to their species. Bates was chewing a straw and swinging his hunting-crop somewhere in attendance. He went with his young mistress every where, and played the part of the "dragon of prudery placed within call;" but he was a very amiable dragon, and nobody minded him. Had it come into the minds of Rorie and Vixen to elope, Bates would not have barred their way. Indeed, he would have been very glad to elope with them himself. The restricted license of the Abbey House had no charm for him.

Whither were those two drifting in the happy summer weather, lulled by the whisper of forest leaves faintly stirred by the soft south wind, or by the low murmur of the forest river stealing on its stealthy course under overarching boughs, mysterious as that wondrous river in Kubla Khan's dream, and anon breaking suddenly out into a clamor loud enough to startle Arion as the waters came leaping and brawling over the shining moss-green bowlders? Where were these happy comrades going, as they rode side by side under the glancing lights and wavering shadows? Every body knows what became of Lancelot and Guinevere after that famous ride of theirs. What of these two who rode together day after day in sun and shower, who loitered and lingered in every loveliest nook in the forest, who had the same tastes, the same ideas, the same loves, the same dislikes? Neither dared ask that question. They took the happiness fate gave them, and sought not to lift the veil of the future. Each was utterly and unreasonably happy, and each knew very well that this deep and entire happiness was to last no longer than the long summer days and the dangling balls of blossom on the beechen boughs. Before the new tufts on the fir branches had lost their early green, this midsummer dream would be over. It was to be brief as a school-boy's holiday.

What was the good of being so happy, only to be so much the more miserable afterward? A sensible young woman might have asked herself that question, but Violet Tempest did not. Her intentions were pure as the innocent light shining out of her hazel eyes—a gaze frank, direct, and fearless as a child's. She had no idea of tempting Roderick to be false to his vows. Had Lady Mabel, with her orchids and Greek plays, been alone in question, Violet might have thought of the matter more lightly, but filial duty was involved in Rorie's fidelity to his betrothed. He had promised his mother on her death-bed. That was a promise not to be broken.

One day—a day forever to be remembered by Vixen and Rorie, a day that stood out in the foreground of memory's picture awfully distinct from the dreamy happiness that went before it—these two old friends prolonged their ride even later than usual. The weather was the loveliest that had ever blessed their journeyings—the sky Italian, the west wind just fresh enough to fan their cheeks, and faintly stir the green feathers of the ferns that grew breast-high on each side of the narrow track. The earth gave forth her subtlest perfumes under the fire of the midsummer sun. From Boldrewood the distant heights and valleys had an Alpine look in the clear bright air, the woods rising line above line in the far distance, in every shade of color, from deepest umber to emerald-green, from darkest purple to translucent azure, yonder where the farthest line of verdure met the sun-lit sky. From Stony Cross the vast stretch of wood and moor lay basking in the warm vivid light, the yellow of the dwarf furze flashing in golden patches amidst the first bloom of the crimson heather. This southern corner of Hampshire was a glorious world to live in on such a day as this. Violet and her cavalier thought so, as their horses cantered up and down the smooth stretch of turf in front of the Forester's Inn.

"I don't know what has come to Arion," said Vixen, as she checked her eager horse in his endeavor to break into a mad gallop. "I think he must be what Scotch people call 'fey.'"

"And pray what may that mean?" asked Rorie, who was like the young lady made famous by Sydney Smith: what he did not know would have made a big book.

"Why, I believe it means that in certain moments of life, just before the coming of a great sorrow, people are wildly gay. Sometimes a man who is doomed to die breaks out into uproarious mirth, till his friends wonder at him. Haven't you noticed that sometimes in the accounts of suicides the suicide's friends declare that he was in excellent spirits the night before he blew out his brains?"

"Then I hope I'm not 'fey,'" said Rorie, "for I feel uncommonly jolly."

"It's only the earth and sky that make us feel happy," sighed Violet, with a sudden touch of seriousness. "It is but an outside happiness, after all."

"Perhaps not; but it's very good of its kind."

They went far afield that day; as far as the yews of Sloden; and the sun was low in the west when Vixen wished her knight good-by, and walked her horse down the last long glade that led to the Abbey House. She was very serious now, and felt that she had transgressed a little by the length of her ride. Poor Bates had gone without his dinner, and that dismal yawn of his just now doubtless indicated a painful vacuity of the inner man. Rorie and she were able to live upon air and sunshine, the scent of the clover, and the freshness of the earth; but Bates was of the lower type of humanity, which requires to be sustained by beef and beer; and for Bates this day of sylvan bliss had been perhaps a period of deprivation and suffering.

Violet had been accustomed to be at home and freshly dressed in time for Mrs. Carmichael's afternoon tea. She had to listen to the accumulated gossip of the day—complaints about the servants, praises of Conrad, speculations upon impending changes of fashion which threatened to convulse the world over which Theodore presided; for the world of fashion seems ever on the verge of a crisis awful as that which periodically disrupts the French Chamber.

To have been absent from afternoon tea was a breach of filial duty which the mild Pamela would assuredly resent. Violet felt herself doomed to one of those gentle lectures which were worrying as the perpetual dropping of rain. She was very late—dreadfully late: the dressing-bell rang as she rode into the stable-yard. Not caring to show herself at the porch, lest her mother and the captain should be sitting in the hall ready to pronounce judgment upon her misconduct, she ran quickly up to her dressing-room, plunged her face into cold water, shook out her bright hair, brushed and plaited the long tresses with deft swift fingers, put on her pretty dinner dress of pale blue muslin fluttering all over with pale blue bows, and went smiling down to the drawing-room like a new Hebe dressed in an azure cloud.

Mrs. Carmichael was sitting by an open window, while the captain stood outside and talked to her in a low confidential voice. His face had a dark look which Vixen knew and hated, and his wife was listening with trouble in her air and countenance. Vixen, who meant to have marched straight up to her mother and made her apologies, drew back involuntarily at the sight of those two faces.

Just at this moment the dinner-bell rang. The captain gave his wife his arm, and the two passed Vixen without a word. She followed them to the dining-room, wondering what was coming.

The dinner began in silence, and then Mrs. Carmichael began to falter forth small remarks, feeble as the twitterings of birds before the coming storm. How very warm it had been all day, almost oppressive; and yet it had been a remarkably fine day. There was a fair at Emery Down—at least not exactly a fair, but a barrow of nuts, and some horrid pistols, and a swing. Violet answered, as in duty bound; but the captain maintained his ominous silence. Not a word was said about Violet's long ride. It seemed hardly necessary to apologize for her absence, since her mother made no complaint. Yet she felt that there was a storm coming.

"Perhaps he is going to sell Arion," she thought, "and that's why the dear thing was 'fey.'"

And then that rebellious spirit of hers arose within her, ready for war.

"No, I would not endure that. I would not part with my father's last gift. I shall be rich seven years hence, if I live so long. I'll do what the young spendthrifts do: I'll go to the Jews. I will not be Captain Carmichael's helot. One slave is enough for him, I should think. He has enslaved poor mamma. Look at her now, poor soul! she sits in bodily fear of him, crumbling her bread with her pretty fingers, shining and sparkling with rings. Poor mamma! it is a bad day for her when fine dresses and handsome jewels can not make her happy."

It was a miserable dinner. Those three were not wont to be gay when they sat at meat together; but the dinner of to-day was of a gloomier pattern than usual. The strawberries and cherries were carried round solemnly, the captain filled his glass with claret, Mrs. Carmichael dipped the ends of her fingers into the turquois-colored glass, and disseminated a faint odor of roses.

"I think I'll go and sit in the garden, Conrad," she said, when she had dried those tapering fingers on her fringed doyley. "It's so warm in the house."

"Do, dear. I'll come and smoke my cigar on the lawn presently," answered the captain.

"Can't you come at once, love?"

"I've a little bit of business to settle first. I won't be long."

Mrs. Carmichael kissed her hand to her husband, and left the room, followed by Vixen.

"Violet," she said, when they were outside, "how could you stay out so long? Conrad is dreadfully angry."

"Your husband angry because I rode a few miles farther to-day than usual? Dear mother, that is too absurd. I was sorry not to be at home in time to give you your afternoon tea, and I apologize to you with all my heart; but what can it matter to Captain Carmichael?"

"My dearest Violet, when will you understand that Conrad stands in the place of your dear father?"

"Never, mamma, for that is not true. God gave me one father, and I loved and honored him with all my heart. There is no sacrifice he could have asked of me that I would not have made; no command of his, however difficult, that I would not have obeyed. But I will obey no spurious father. I recognize no duty that I owe to Captain Carmichael.

"You are a very cruel girl," wailed Pamela, "and your obstinacy is making my life miserable."

"Dear mother, how do I interfere with your happiness? You live your life, and I mine. You and Captain Carmichael take your own way, I mine. Is it a crime to be out riding a little longer than usual, that you should look so pale and the captain so black when I come home?"

"It is worse than a crime, Violet; it is an impropriety."

Vixen blushed crimson, and turned upon her mother with an expression that was half startled, half indignant.

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"Had you been riding about the forest all those hours alone, it would have been eccentric—unladylike—masculine even. You know that your habit of passing half your existence on horseback has always been a grief to me. But you were not alone."

"No, mamma, I was not alone. I had my oldest friend with me; one of the few people in this big world who care for me."

"You were riding about with Roderick Vawdrey, Lady Mabel Ashbourne's future husband."

"Why do you remind me of his engagement, mamma? Do you think that Roderick and I have ever forgotten it? Can he not be my friend as well as Lady Mabel's husband? Am I to forget that he and I played together as children, that we have always thought of each other and cared for each other as brother and sister, only because he is engaged to Lady Mabel Ashbourne?"

"Violet, you must know that all talk about brother and sister is sheer nonsense. Suppose I had set up brother and sister with Captain Carmichael! What would you—what would the world have thought?"

"That would have been different," said Vixen. "You did not know each other as babies. In fact, you couldn't have done so, for you had left off being a baby before he was born," added Vixen, naïvely.

"You will have to put a stop to these rides with Roderick. Every body in the neighborhood is talking about you."

"Which every body?"

"Colonel Carteret, to begin with."

"Colonel Carteret slanders every body. It is his only intellectual resource. Dearest mother, be your own sweet easy-tempered self, not a speaking-tube for Captain Carmichael. Pray leave me my liberty. I am not particularly happy. You might at least let me be free."

Violet left her mother with these words. They had reached the lawn before the drawing-room windows. Mrs. Carmichael sank into a low basket-chair, like a hall porter's, which a friend had sent her from the sands of Trouville; and Vixen ran off to the stables to see if Arion was in any way the worse for his long round.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DR. CARL STÖLKER, an eminent Swiss ornithologist, has lately died, at the age of thirty-nine. His published papers have related almost exclusively to the birds of Switzerland.

Dr. GEORGE DAWSON ROWLEY, a well-known British ornithologist, died in England on the 21st of November, 1878. With ample means at his command, he accumulated a very fine collection of birds and eggs, which was distinguished by the possession of a larger number of eggs of the extinct great auk than were to be found in any other. He published at his own expense a costly work entitled *Ornithological Miscellany*, in which were several important monographs of groups of birds and descriptions of interesting species.

In view of the rapid course of geographical exploration and research in Central Africa, the announcement of the discovery of a bed of coal on the shores of Lake Nyanza will not be without its importance, as the introduction of steamers into the interior waters of the country has already been commenced, and will doubtless be rapidly extended. This discovery was made by Mr. RHODES, who accompanied NELTON in a recent exploration around the lake, the coal being found near the northern extremity. The outcrop was seen at several places, and about ten miles south of Florence Bay, at an elevation of about four hundred feet above the lake. Three distinct veins were discovered, one of them seven feet thick.

The use of the so-called fish meal, made of dried fish, for the feeding of fish in ponds, especially of carp, has lately been introduced in Germany, and, as it is said, with excellent effect. The fish devour this substance (which costs but little) very greedily, and what remains unconsumed does not readily decompose, in which state it would cause much injury to fish in ponds. Salt herring and other fish are also said to be available for the same purpose.

Mr. THOMAS SOPWITH, a well-known mining engineer, born in 1803, died in January at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Professor HEER has made the interesting discovery that the flax cultivated by the inhabitants of the pile-dwellings of Switzerland is not the common cultivated flax of the present day (*Linum usitatissimum*), but quite another species, which grows on the Mediterranean. The two species are nearly allied, but the latter is distinguished by the smaller seeds, and by the stem branching from the ground, while in the other the seeds are larger, and the stem is simple. In view, however, of the fact that the native country of the cultivated flax is not known—nor, indeed, has it ever been found in a wild state—the inference is readily derivable that it has descended from the wild plant by long-continued cultivation ever since prehistoric times, the result being to gradually produce larger seeds and unbranched simple stems.

Arrangements are in progress in Berlin for the purpose of bringing into relations the geographical societies of Germany and the rest of the world, in the establishment of a central union for the furtherance of German interests in foreign countries.

There is, perhaps, no scientific institution in Europe the activity of which, in the way of exploration under its auspices, equals that of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg. There is always under way a number of researches, for the most part prosecuted in European or Asiatic Russia, but sometimes embracing other portions of the globe. The reports of these expeditions are usually published in quarto form, with copious illustrations. Among the most distinguished explorers it is only necessary to mention the names of SCHRENCK, MIDDENDORFF, PRJVALSKY, and others, in confirmation of this statement.

At the annual meeting of the society recently held a very interesting summary was given of the operations in 1878, the acquisitions to the museum being of the utmost importance. Of special interest was, perhaps, the presentation of a specimen of the Northern sea-cow (*Rytina*), for many years exterminated, and until recently supposed to have been confined in its location to the Copper Islands, especially Behring Island, situated to the west of the Aleutian chain, in the North Pacific.

Mr. PHILLIPENS has, however, lately found on the shores of Behring Strait a large number of skulls and bones of this animal, and taken them to Russia, so that it is probable that by the acquisition of these animals from the new locality American museums may be able to secure specimens of this extinct species.

Another fossil of still greater antiquity is the *Elasmotherium*—a horse-like rhinoceros belonging to the quaternary period. This specimen was obtained near Sarepta, on the banks of the Volga, the regions where the Oriental plague is said to be raging.

It is announced that the Academy will open to the public a great anthropological museum, which will be the rival of that at Moscow, so well known to all students. Among other enterprises of the Academy, it has arranged for the publication of a complete catalogue of all the animals of Russia.

Mr. SIBIRIAKOFF, of Irkutsk, Siberia, whose name is already so well known in connection with the patronage of arctic investigations, is now completing a steamer of 350 tons for the purpose of going to the assistance of the *Vega*, Professor NORDENSKJÖLD's vessel, now supposed to be ice-bound on the coast of Siberia, possibly opposite Wrangell's Land. It is expected that the vessel will leave, *vid* Suez, in August for Behring Strait, and, if possible, will continue her journey to the Lena, and perhaps even to the Yenisei.

A French cable dispatch of the 11th of February announces the death of Professor PAUL GERVAIS, an eminent French naturalist and paleontologist, in the sixty-third year of his age. He occupied successively positions in the Musem of Natural History of Paris and in the Faculty of Science at Montpellier, in the Sorbonne, and finally again as professor of paleontology in the Natural History Museum. His works on recent and fossil mammals, etc., are among the most valuable published by French authors.

The death of the Rev. W. F. DARBY, a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and the author of a work entitled the *Astronomical Observer*, is recorded as having taken place in England in January last.

Dr. GEORGE WINTER, a well-known Swedish zoologist, died at Nice, on the 11th of January, at the age of thirty-four.

Still another work intended for the assistance of the naturalist has been commenced, under the title of *Guide du Naturaliste*, to serve as a monthly geographical bulletin. It is edited by Mr. A. BOUVIER, and published in parts. The work, although general in its title, is confined to a list of the articles in the scientific periodicals and transactions of France. It contains also notices of new publications, diagnoses of new species, and notes upon geographical distribution, etc.

It will be news to Americans that American locust-trees are considered in Germany as possessing poisonous qualities. According to one writer, the dust produced by turning this wood on the lathe produces diarrhœa in the workman. Professor ASCHERSON states that some children who accidentally ate a portion of the root of this tree exhibited very decided indications of poisoning.

Rich discoveries of copper, resembling that of the Burra Burra Mine in Australia, it is announced, have lately been made at Howe Sound, a few miles from New Westminster, in British Columbia. There is little doubt that the whole region to the north of Puget Sound, and including a great part of Alaska, will in time be found to contain an immense store of valuable minerals of a great many species. Copper, both native and in the ore, is well known to exist in Alaska, and it is said that gold and even silver are now about being worked in paying quantities.

The thirteenth annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Massachusetts is, as usual, a document of very great interest, emanating as it does from the oldest of our State fishery commissions. Some striking facts are given as to the movement of fish up the Lawrence fish-way, surmounting a dam twenty-eight feet in height, showing that quite a number of alewives, salmon, and shad made a successful passage. The Commissioners call attention to the great increase in the number of alewives as the result of measures taken by them to that end. A corresponding increase is noted of the bay and shore fisheries, which have been shown to be so closely connected. Much important information is given in regard to the restoration of salmon to the Merrimac River, and the somewhat unexpected fact is mentioned that the young fish probably do not go down to the sea till the third year, instead of the second, as has hitherto been supposed. Quite a bill of indictment is brought by the Commissioners against the Legislature of Connecticut for failing to make regulations to protect the upward run of salmon and shad in the Connecticut River, all the efforts of Massachusetts looking toward an increase of this fish being neutralized by the impossibility of securing laws to protect them and allow a fair percentage to pass up from the ocean.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is a question of great and general interest what sort of climate is suitable for that large class of invalids who suffer in a greater or less degree from pulmonary complaints. Many such, having banished themselves from the comforts of home and the society of friends, have found too late that the location sought for health has proved wholly uncongenial, if not fatal. Those suffering from lung diseases will gain valuable information from an article by Dr. T. M. Coan, entitled "Climate for Invalids," which appears in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*. Dr. Coan is of opinion that a favorable climate for such invalids should exhibit but a small difference between the day and night temperatures in any given twenty-four hours; that it should show a comparatively small range between the different monthly mean temperatures of a given season, or between different seasons of the year; that there should be equability in the supply of moisture; and that the climate should be free from excessive wind, cloudiness, and dust. A heavy barometrical pressure is also regarded as beneficial in the prevention and cure of pulmonary diseases. The article of which mention has been made contains a table showing the season temperatures in about thirty-five different places, arranged in the order of equable climate. Funchal, Madeira, heads the list; the mean difference between summer and winter being only 8.10°. The Atlantic islands of the Gulf Stream possess the most equable of all mild climates, and various localities in Western Europe and in the Mediterranean rank next. A visit to Georgia or Florida is often of the highest use for rest and relaxation, but Dr. Coan believes that it is these rather than the specific influence of the climate there that prove beneficial. He says, "Except in Southern California few spots in our country can rightfully claim to possess a climate that is beneficial for pulmonary complaints." In San Diego, California, the mean difference of temperature is but 15.88°. But at St. Paul, Minnesota, the mean difference between summer and winter is 52.94°, and at Denver, Colorado, 44°. The interior or mountain climate of the United States is in general a dry climate of excessive extremes, and dangerous for delicate invalids.

At a public meeting recently held in this city an executive committee of prominent citizens was appointed to make arrangements for a great public gathering to be held here on April 30, the ninetieth anniversary of the union of the States, and the inauguration of George Washington as first President. The purpose of the April meeting is to initiate more fully and formally the movement for an International Exhibition in New York city, and to give notice to all nations and governments that such Exhibition will be held in 1889, that year being the centennial anniversary of the foundation of our government.

Early in March a library of extraordinary value will be sold at auction in New York, the collection of Mr. George Brinley, recently deceased. We should not, however, speak of the entire collection being offered for sale in March, as it is said that the catalogue now issued, which covers the books to be then sold, includes but about one-third of the whole. The chief feature of this collection is the number of exceedingly rare, early printed American books.

At the thirty-eighth annual Commencement of the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, 205 graduates received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Chancellor Crosby, in his address to the graduating class, presented six old trite proverbs as valuable counsellors for them to take into their life practice, enlarging and commenting upon each. These were: "A rolling stone gathers no moss," which the speaker translated, "An itinerant doctor gets no practice; "The early bird catches the worm," that is, "The doctor who is ready will be called;" "Pleasant words are health to the bones," which may be read, "A doctor's cheerfulness is often as good as his physic;" "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves," which was applied to *time* rather than to money; "*Labor omnia vincit*," which, freely translated, means, "Industry wins the prize," and, as applied to a physician, teaches that he should attend to his business faithfully, and keep his knowledge apace with the times; and lastly, "*Obsta principia*," which has been humorously rendered, "Nip mischief in the bud," and inculcates a careful avoidance or abandonment of bad habits.

The ladies' "order of dance" at the Liederkranz Ball—which was considered the most brilliant ball ever given by the society—was peculiar. In the centre of a colored circle, surmounted by an American eagle, shield, and olive branch, was the golden fac-simile of a ten-dollar gold piece, inscribed, "In the year of resumption, 1879." On the obverse was a map of the world, with figures of Terpsichore, Folly, and Music.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone is a fine pianist, and possesses a sweet and powerful voice. No matter at what hour of the morning he arrived home when he was Prime Minister, he was never too tired to sit down to the piano, and with some simple strain shake off the soil of party strife. He prefers sacred and ballad music, Scotch airs and Moore's melodies being his special favorites.

Students who have been perplexed and annoyed in attempting to use the inadequate and confusing catalogues of many public libraries will find great satisfaction in the new catalogue of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library. The second part of this work has been recently issued, and the third part, now in course of preparation, will complete the index of about 60,000 volumes, every one of which is made available to readers by its means. This catalogue has one general alphabet of authors, titles, subjects, etc.; but by a special system of subject headings, which fits into the general alphabet, the books are brought before the eye and mind of the inquirer topically in a very convenient and scientific order. This valuable reference book is a success of which the author and compiler, Mr. S. B. Noyes, may justly be proud, and its moderate price will bring it within the reach of a large class of students.

The model for the memorial statue of Byron, which is to be placed in some conspicuous part of London, has just been completed. The work represents the poet seated on a rock, his right hand supporting his head, and his left resting on an open book on his knee. Beside him lies his constant companion, the great Newfoundland dog Boatswain, regarding his master with watchful earnestness.

A notorious criminal named M'Kimie, known as a "road agent" in the far West, and the Ohio burglar, was recently sentenced to spend ten years in the Ohio Penitentiary, and on another indictment is to receive an additional sentence of ten years. After these twenty years are served, he will be claimed in Salt Lake City to serve fifteen years, having escaped from prison there; then in Nebraska, to serve an unexpired term of fifteen years, having escaped from prison there. His next call is from California, for ten years, having there escaped from the authorities. A man who has earned sixty years of imprisonment should be well watched.

Not long ago a justice in this city, in passing sentence on a young lad who had snatched a pocket-book from the hands of a lady in the street, advised ladies not to expose their pocket-books to public view so much as is customary. If this care is needful, quite as much so is it that conspicuous valuable jewelry should be kept out of sight in the public streets. As a recent robbery showed, a valuable diamond ear-ring, worn by a lady walking in Fifth Avenue, attracted the attention of a robber, and the rough assault made endangered the lady's life. The glitter of a diamond pin in a gentleman's scarf has doubtless often caused the attack made upon him in night hours. It may be unfortunate, but it is certainly true, that in a great city inconspicuous dress is a valuable safeguard.

Perhaps the "Midgets" are as diminutive as any pair of known mortals. One of them—a girl, said to be fifteen years of age—is named Lucia Zarate, and was born in Mexico. She weighs four and three-quarter pounds, and is about as large as—a medium-sized doll. The boy is a native of Chenango County, New York, is fourteen years old, and turns the scales at nine pounds.

The Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston, has lately received from Paris, for best books in raised letters and maps—the work of the scholars—a handsome silver medal, awarded by the jury of the International Exposition last summer.

About seventy valuable horses are supposed to have been burned with the livery-stable at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street.

Probably few persons realize the extent to which the manufacture of glass is carried on in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. More than half the glass made in the United States is produced in that city. There are about seventy-five factories, which give employment to over five thousand hands.

The French National Lottery, which has given rise to so much speculation, amusement, and hope, is already an event of the past. The ticket-holder who dreamed of drawing a rivière of diamonds and India shawls has been reduced to doubting if Fate has in store for him even a box of candles, a pair of corsets, a fishing rod, or a boy's felt hat. Happy possessors of an omnibus, an iron kiosque, or an ornamented rustic bridge from the park of the Champ de Mars—included with truly commendable thrift among the large prizes—are rushing about wildly to find purchasers. The man who has been accorded a case of boot polish is not cheerful. The lady who fainted in the hall of the Trocadéro when her number emerged from the great wheel on the stage was speedily revived by the painful certainty that she would receive a threshing-machine. The Englishman who drew a padlock succeeded in controlling his emotions with national phlegm. The Italian to whom was accorded a barrel of salt butter has gone home.

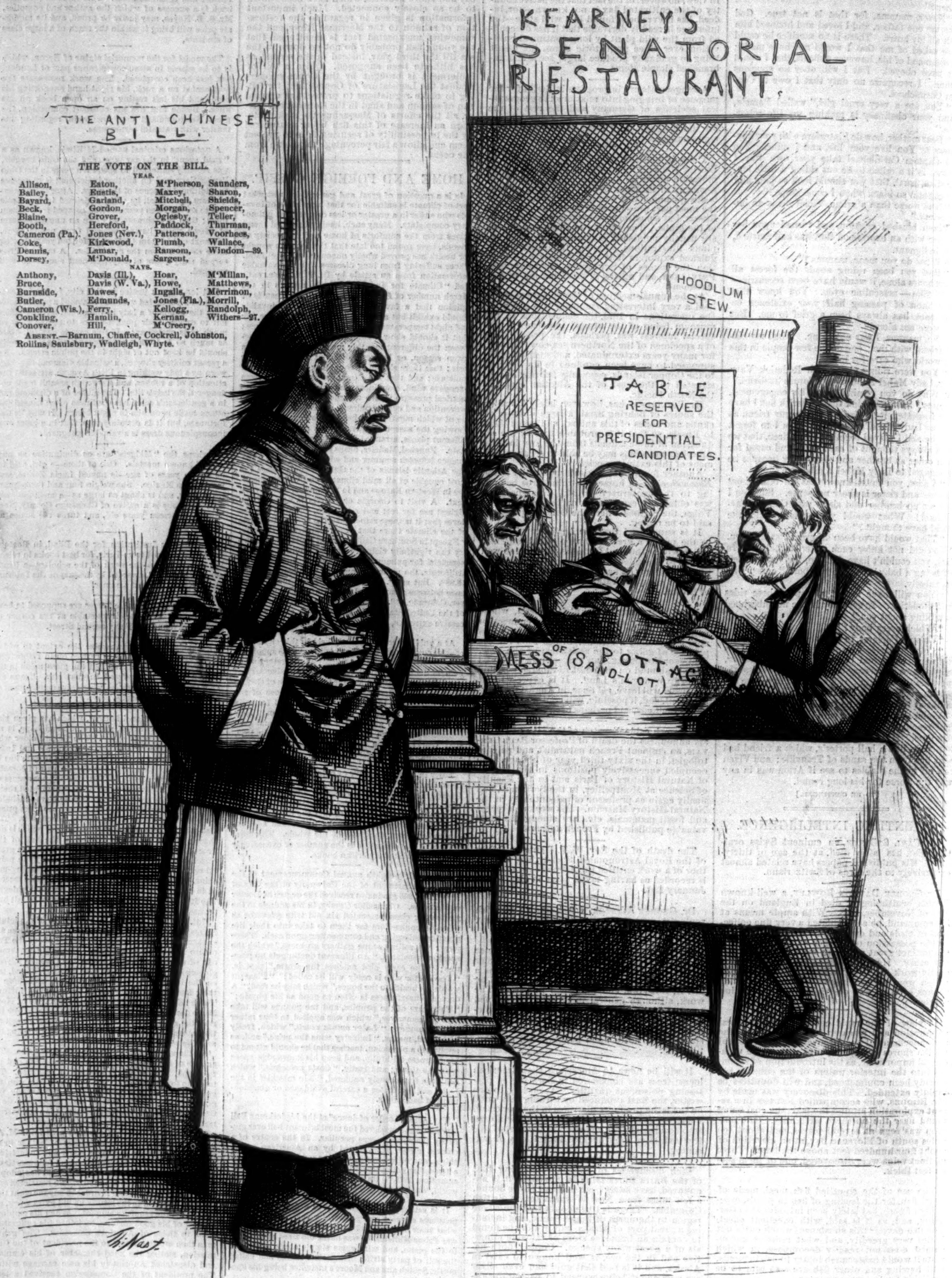
Unfortunately there is a reverse to the picture. Haggard work-women, dragging pale little children after them, hover with feverish eagerness about the Trocadéro and adjacent avenues. Desperate workmen, out of employment, slink down the Champs Élysées gloomy and defiant. These have dreamed, hoped, taken the bread from their own mouths and those of their families, for a chance in the wheel of fortune. These have placed candles before the shrine of Notre Dame des Victoires and prayed for success. How terrible the reaction of despair! How grave an evil for the masses is a national lottery, with its glittering tinsel of false hopes!

All the world knows who won the great prize. The rumors of the streets, the echoes of the press and the telegraph, have at length centred on one man. The town no longer repeats, "Do you know who won the grand prix? It is a tobacconist on the Avenue Wagram." "No, it is a butcher on the Avenue de la Grande Armée." "On the contrary, it is a commercial traveller of a great house at Bordeaux," etc.

The happy possessor of the first gros lot is M. Aubriot, a workman in a manufactory of leather in the city of Paris. This workman, sober and industrious, enjoys the esteem of his employer and fellow-artisans. He is married, and having lost his son, has adopted a little orphan niece in his family. So restricted were the means of Aubriot that in order to buy the eight tickets which he held in the lottery he did extra work, and thus saved the requisite amount. When his employer learned of his good fortune, he joined his congratulations to those of Aubriot's comrades. The gentleman then wrote a letter to the president of the Commission, stating the good character of his employé, and dispatched Aubriot in his own carriage with it. The president of the Commission received a letter from a workman, who then withdrew modestly without explanation. On opening the missive the president discovered that the bearer of it was the winner of the grand prize. He called for Aubriot, wishing to give him a public ovation, but the man had already returned to his own place.

Aubriot is now rumored, with Gallic bombast, to have offered his photograph to the illustrated journals, in the belief that fame and greatness are inseparable.

It is not recorded that the happy possessors of iron kiosques, ornamented bridges, salted butter, and padlocks have personally congratulated this favorite of fortune on his triumph.



KEARNEY'S SENATORIAL RESTAURANT.
THE ANTI CHINESE BILL.
HOODLUM STEW.
TABLE RESERVED FOR PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.
MESS OF POTTAGE (SAND-LOT)
Th. Nast

**THE VOTE ON THE BILL.**

YEAS.

Allison,
Bailey,
Bayard,
Beck,
Blaine,
Booth,
Cameron (Pa.),
Coke,
Dennis,
Dorsey,
Eaton,
Eustis,
Garland,
Gordon,
Grover,
Hereford,
Jones (Nev.),
Kirkwood,
Lamar,
M'Donald,
M'Pherson,
Maxey,
Mitchell,
Morgan,
Oglesby,
Paddock,
Patterson,
Plumb,
Ransom,
Sargent,
Saunders,
Sharon,
Shields,
Spencer,
Teller,
Thurman,
Voorhees,
Wallace,
Windom—39.

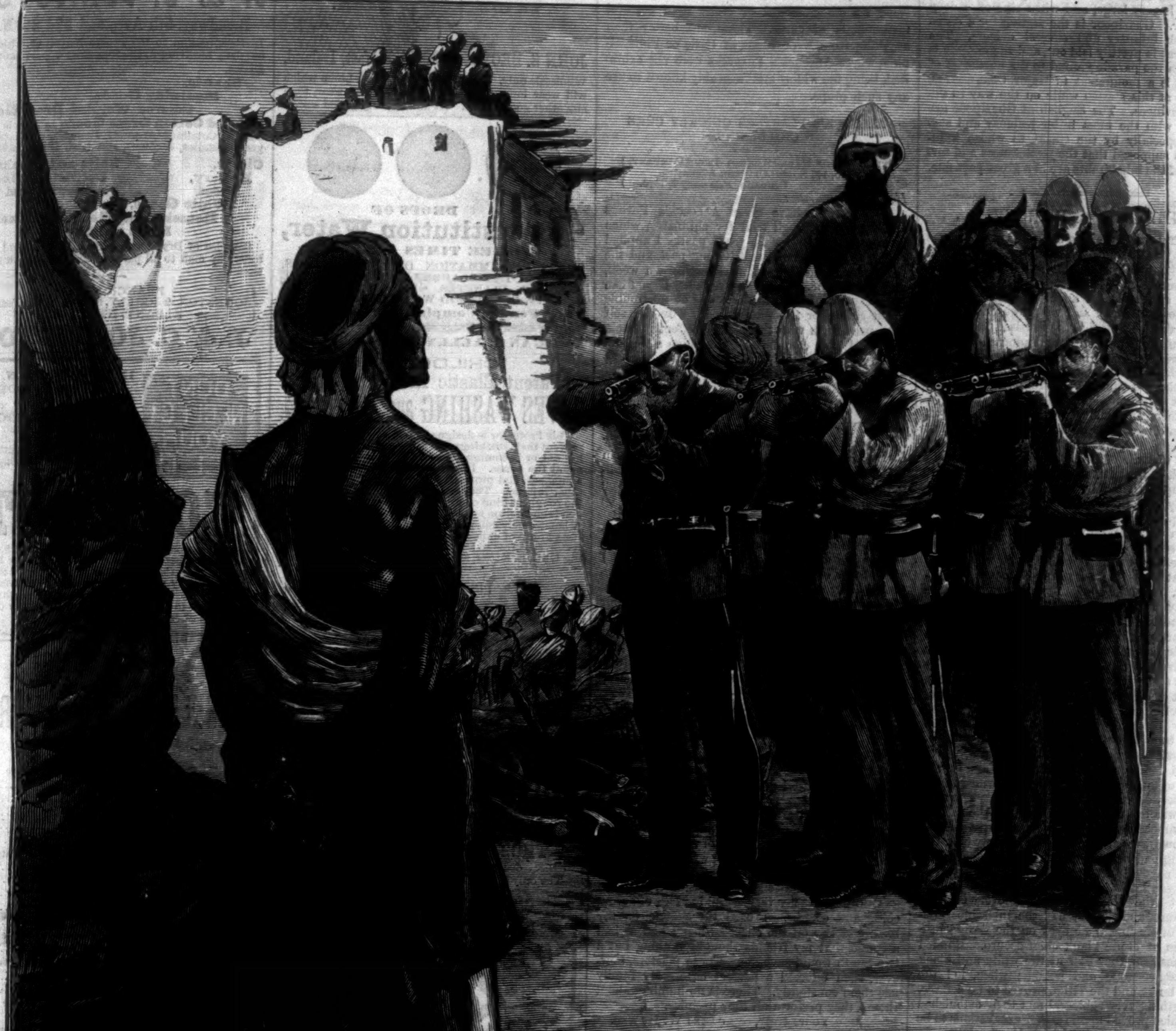
NAYS.

Anthony,
Bruce,
Burnside,
Butler,
Cameron (Wis.),
Conkling,
Conover,
Davis (Ill.),
Davis (W. Va.),
Dawes,
Edmunds,
Ferry,
Hamlin,
Hill,
Hoar,
Howe,
Ingalls,
Jones (Fla.),
Kellogg,
Kernan,
M'Creery,
M'Millan,
Matthews,
Merrimon,
Morrill,
Randolph,
Withers—27.

Absent.—Barnum, Chaffee, Cockrell, Johnston, Rollins, Saulsbury, Wadleigh, Whyte.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

Confucius. "How can Christians stomach such dirt?"



EXECUTION OF A GHAZI, OR MOHAMMEDAN FANATIC, AT THE PESHAWUR GATE, JELALABAD.

## THE EXECUTION OF A GHAZI.

Although the occupation of the town of Jelalabad by the English forces took place without any opposition on the part of the Afghan troops, there were one or two instances in which violence was shown by men who were animated by a kind of fanaticism. There is among the Indian Mussulmans a sect called the Ghazi, who place even less value upon their own lives than is usual among the devout followers of Mohammed. These are all supposed to go directly to paradise if they die while fighting for the faith, but the Ghazi have a special inclination toward martyrdom. This alone could account for the extraordinary recklessness of the unfortunate man represented in our engraving, who in the full presence of the English endeavored to do what is called "running amuck" in the bazar of Jelalabad. His victims were two soldiers of the native Punjab regiments, one of whom was unarmed, and engaged in the peaceful business of making purchases. An English officer who witnessed the execution of the criminal describes the circumstances as follows:

"On Monday, December 23, two of our guides, who, unarmed, were standing in the Jelalabad bazar, were suddenly attacked by a Ghazi, and one of them dangerously wounded. After a struggle the man was arrested and brought to trial, when he was sentenced to be shot, and his body to be then burned. This man was not an inhabitant of Jelalabad, but merely a wandering Ghazi, or fanatic, who prowls about the country for the express purpose of murdering as many 'infidels' as possible, and of being slain in his turn, and thus martyred, as he imagines. The burning of the body, however, after death, renders a man unfit to be reverenced as a martyr and a saint; hence the supplemental sentence. The culprit was shot outside the Peshawur Gate of Jelalabad by a firing party of five soldiers of the Rifle Brigade, in the presence of Major Cavagnari, the provost-marshal, and several other British officials. It is satisfactory to be able to state that the inhabitants unanimously approved of the sentence, and exhibited no sympathy with the wretched criminal, who, however, met his death heroically."

The founder of the sect of the Ghazi was Ghazi Khan, a holy Mussulman, who first subdued the country of Dinagepoor, in Hindostan, to the Mogul power, and whose humanity and impartial justice gained for him not only the worship of true Moslems, but even of the Hindoos themselves, who frequently perform long and painful pilgrimages to his tomb at Sheraghat. The Ghazi reject the belief in metempsychosis, which is a leading doctrine of the Hindoo faith. They teach that the entire universe was created by a Supreme Deity; that the souls of men were before this life existent in a Divine Being, into which they will again ultimately be merged after having been purified from all earthly propensities. A profound secrecy is imposed upon all the adherents of the sect as to the immediate forms and observances with which their tenets are bound up; they are subject entirely to the Brahmans in the direction of their domestic affairs, and subsist upon a common stock, which is in the hands of the Brahmans also. There is a marked resemblance in the opinions and observances of this sect to those of the ancient Pythagorians.

The head-quarters of the sect of the Ghazi is the town of Ghazipoor, the people of which are said to be notorious for their turbulence and discontent. The principal object of interest in the town is the palace of Sahaduh Ali, built at the beginning of the last century as a country residence for a Nawab of that name, one of the royal family of Lucknow, and also for the purpose of exercising some show of constraint over the people of Ghazipoor. This palace is a beautiful specimen of Mogul architecture, and is in tolerable preservation, though long since deserted by royalty. A very finely proportioned arcade, which forms the most picturesque part of the buildings, composes the front and entrance to the body of the palace. It is mounted upon a high terrace of masonry, surrounded with channels for water, and pools and basins of quaint device, in which magnificent jets were once continually playing, but which are now dry and choked with rubbish. The palace itself is oblong, and in the centre is a small audience hall tastefully decorated and supported by pillars. The angles of the building terminate in domed pavilions, the windows of which are of white marble trellis-work, admirably carved into flowers and running patterns of a purely Eastern character. Parts of the structure are freestone from Chunar, and other parts are built and ornamented with red sandstone, which must have been brought from Allahabad. The site of the palace is particularly fine and commanding, and from the arcade the view up and down the Ganges is varied and extensive. The building is mounted upon a projecting angle of the river-bank, which forms an abrupt precipice, and is protected by a parapet wall. Below it are the remains of other stone buildings and fortifications; but the greater part of the available ground has been overrun by huts and bazar hovels, together with a few tawdry Hindoo temples painted red and white. Many of these, however, which would otherwise prove blots on the landscape, are rendered highly picturesque by overhanging clusters of the feathery bamboo and tamarind, and some of the roofs are thickly coyered in with broad-leaved melon plants, the fruit of which is very large, and when ripe of a deep gold-color. Ghazipoor is the station for a corps of English infantry and several officers. The cantonment is prettily laid out, and the climate is good. On the parade-ground to the northeast of the town is a monument to Major CORNWALLIS, who died at this station while on the way to the upper provinces. The English at Ghazipoor are regarded with the most bitter jealousy and suspicion, especially by the Ghazi, to whose influence it is supposed that the restlessness and turbulence of the inhabitants are in a great part due.

## GETTING A BARGAIN.

A PROFITABLE bargain in old military stores was effected by a Constantinopolitan Jew, who bought some six hundred rusty helmets, that had long lain in the Church of St. Irene, from the Turkish government, at the rate of about sixpence a pound. He cleaned them up, and was rewarded for his pains by discovering that the despised martial relics were made of fine steel, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions, showing that they were of very ancient date. The lucky dealer sold a few for twenty piasters apiece. Finding they went off readily at that figure, he raised the price to thirty, then to forty, and finally to fifty piasters, until an Armenian offered to take the lot off his hands at something like eighteen shillings per helmet, and he closed with the offer. The purchaser put them up for sale at the bazars; and then the authorities, waking up to their folly in parting with them so heedlessly, bought them back again at from two to three pounds apiece.

Certain enthusiastic young painters had heard that the secrets of a great artist's coloring might be learned by carefully peeling one of his pictures coat by coat, and resolved to try the experiment. Clubbing together all their available cash, they became the owners of a Madonna by Titian, and went to work with a will. The eager seekers after knowledge laid the precious picture on a table, and removed the outer varnish. They thus arrived at the naked colors, which had by this time assumed a very crude form, owing to the fact that a certain amount of licorice tincture, as of Turkey rhubarb, had become incorporated somehow with the varnish, and to which the colors had been indebted for their golden warmth. This brought them to the glazing proper, which had been deprived of the evidence of age by the removal of the little cups which had formed in the canvas between the web and the woof. The next process was to remove the glaze from the saffron robe, composed of yellow lake and burnt sienna. This brought them to a flame-color, in which the modelling had been made. The robe of the Virgin was next attacked; and upon the removal of the crimson lakes it appeared of a greenish-drab color. So they went on removing every color in the picture, and at last had the ineffable satisfaction of feeding their eyes on the design in a condition of crude blank chiar-oscuro. Blinded by enthusiasm, they flew at the white and black with pumice-stone and potash; when, lo! the bubble burst, and the Titian proved to be a farce, as something very rubicund met their astonished eyes, which proved upon further excavations to be the tip of the red nose of King George IV.

A defendant in a suit heard in an English court, being questioned as to what had become of five hundred pounds left to him by his mother, answered that it had gone where it was owing. Pressed for further explanation, he said he had paid it over to an innkeeper, according to the terms of an agreement made between them that the legacy, little or much, which his mother might bequeath him, should, as soon as it was received, be paid to the publican, the latter on his part undertaking to keep him while he lived, and bury him respectably when he died. Who got the worst of the bargain in this instance it is impossible to say. The profit and loss on such contracts are liable to be affected by undreamed-of contingencies. An intemperate ne'er-do-well was persuaded by a sharp man of business to turn some property he held over to him, in consideration of receiving two suits of clothes every year, and an allowance of twelve shillings a week so long as he lived, his speculative benefactor calculating the dissipated rascal would soon drink himself to death. He was doomed to be grievously disappointed. As soon as the agreement was signed, sealed, and delivered, the wily fellow forswore intoxicants, and lived respectably to a ripe old age, leaving the bargain-monger, and his trustees after him, with a balance, so far as that speculation went, very much on the wrong side of the ledger.

Some eighteen months back a London newspaper informed its readers: "The two islands known as the Barker Islands, which suddenly disappeared a little while ago, persist in declining to be found. It may be remembered that a Tasmanian capitalist named Fisher bought from the Australian government the right to remove guano from these islands, and that he dispatched three vessels for guano cargoes to the latitude mentioned; but when the ships arrived, no trace of the islands could be discovered. It was supposed that they, together with their inhabitants, had disappeared through a volcanic eruption. Mr. Fisher had unfortunately paid for his guano in advance; and now that the islands are nowhere, the guano is in exactly the same place. The worst of it is that the Australian government does not seem to have the smallest intention of returning the money paid by Mr. Fisher, who also lost a large sum in fitting out the vessels."

ESPECIALLY has Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery manifested its potency in curing tetter, rose-rash, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

## ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS

Need no other Award of Merit than grateful testimonials of cures. These are better than anything from Expositions of Paris or Philadelphia, where ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS were not exhibited, being too widely and favorably known to use any such props.

### ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS QUICKLY CURE CHILBLAINS.

OFFICE OF THE HALL HUSKING GLOVE COMPANY,
No. 145 SOUTH CLINTON STREET,
CHICAGO, *February* 2, 1876.

*Hon. B. Brandreth:*

*Dear Sir*,—I have given ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS a thorough trial for chilblains, which have afflicted me for 25 years past. I applied strips on the inflamed and itching part, and the relief was immediate. I used them for a week, and my feet became perfectly well. If you can get ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS there will be no trouble about chilled or frosted feet. My wife and self have used them with the greatest effect in backache and liver complaint. They give a fine appetite if worn on the pit of the stomach.

Yours truly, WM. E. HALL.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD STATION,
SING SING, *February* 6, 1879.

*My Dear Doctor*,—Your ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS have been in constant use by myself and family for the last ten years. They are invaluable in colds, coughs, pains in side and chest. My children never complain of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS; you don't have to hold noses to enable them to be taken.

On the 10th of January, just past, I was attacked with a most severe influenza. It prostrated me for a week; nothing relieved me, and I was afraid of pneumonia. I therefore sent to your factory and got a quarter of a yard of plaster and applied it to my chest. In twenty-four hours my breathing was much easier, and in forty-eight hours I was well. I wore the plaster for weeks without inconvenience.

Yours truly, W. T. LYON, Ticket-Agent.
To Hon. B. BRANDRETH.

LETTER FROM THE HON. JAMES W. HUSTED, EX-SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY.

PEEKSKILL, *October* 30, 1878.

*B. Brandreth, President of the Porous Plaster Company:*

*My Dear Sir*,—I desire to bear witness to the virtues of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. About a year ago I was thrown from a carriage and badly bruised. Suffering great pain, I was carried home, and some three or four of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS were applied. The effect was almost immediate, and in a short time all pain left me, and I was soon up and attending to business.

Your plasters are very useful in cases of severe colds and coughs. I used three—one on my back and two on the chest—when I had so bad a cough that my friends thought nothing but a trip South would save me. These plasters, however, soon effected a perfect cure. My family use them constantly. There is no humbug about them; they perform all they promise.

Yours truly, JAMES W. HUSTED.

BROOKLYN, No. 64 MIDDAGH STREET,
*January*, 23, 1879.

*Dr. B. Brandreth, Sing Sing:*

*Dear Sir*,—Last October I took a severe cold, which settled in my side, chest, and small of my back, causing much pain, inconvenience, and anxiety. I thoroughly tried several applications recommended for my trouble, but without obtaining the least benefit. At length a friend advised me to try ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, which I have since done to my entire relief. This trouble had lasted more than a month before I tried ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS, and seemed to increase in violence, but within two or three days after applying the plasters, I could discern an improvement in my condition, and within two weeks the pain and soreness had entirely disappeared, and I have felt nothing of it since.

Yours truly, L. H. SANTEE,
At Tatham Brothers, 82 Beekman St., N. Y. City.

Beware of imitations. ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are sold by all druggists. Principal office, No. 294 Canal Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists,
London, Eng.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders. Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. 347 Broome St., N. Y. Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

FOR MARKING ANY FABRIC with a common pen, without a preparation, Payson's Indelible Ink is universally acknowledged to be the best. Sold by all Druggists and Stationers.

50 Snowflake, Motto, &c., no 2 alike, or 25 elegant Chromo Cards, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

TRADE MARK.

JOHN S. BROWN & SONS, Belfast, Ireland,
Wholesale only. Manufacturers of Table-Linen which will wear longer, and look better during wear, than any other goods made. At all retail dry goods stores.

40 DROPS OF Constitution Water,
THREE TIMES A DAY,
CURES INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STONE IN THE BLADDER, CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, DIABETES, GRAVEL, BRICKDUST DEPOSIT, CHILDHOOD WEAKNESS.
For Female Complaints a Specialty.
For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.
MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

CHILDREN'S
Patent Elastic Knee-Protector
SAVES WASHING and MENDING.

This Protector is designed to be worn by children to prevent their stockings and other garments from wearing out or becoming soiled at the knee while playing about the house. It can be adjusted and removed in a moment, and protects the knee from scratches and other injuries. They are very durable, and will stand the roughest kind of usage. For sale by all the fancy goods and notion houses throughout the United States. A handsomely colored lithographic picture, representing a group of children at play, wearing the Knee Protector, sent free to any part of the country by addressing GEO. E. KING, Manufacturer, 575 Broadway, N.Y.

U. S. Jobber, Price, $60.

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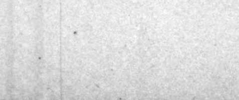

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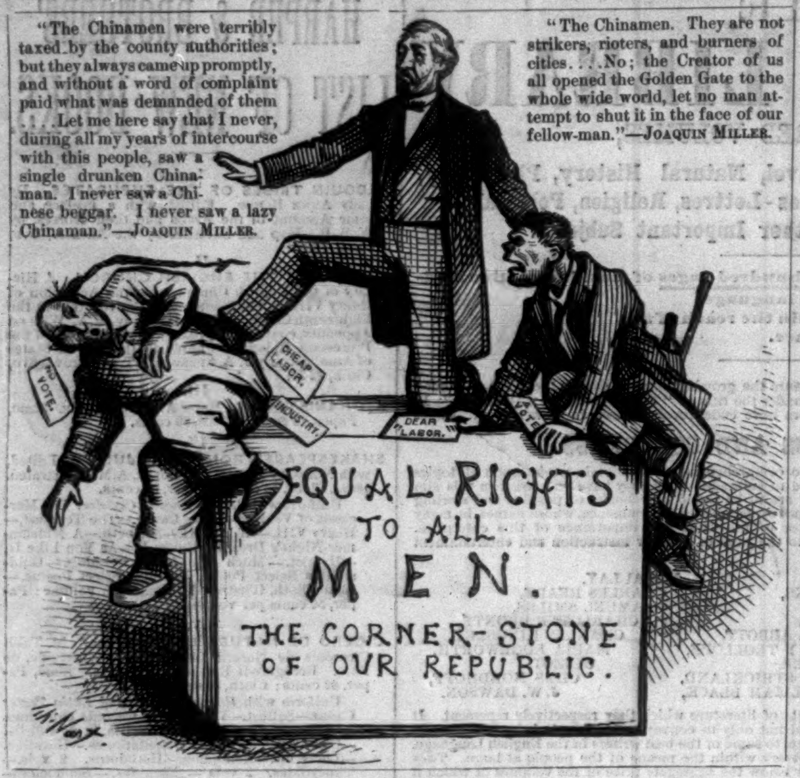

"The Chinamen were terribly taxed by the county authorities; but they always came up promptly, and without a word of complaint paid what was demanded of them . . . Let me here say that I never, during all my years of intercourse with this people, saw a single drunken Chinaman. I never saw a Chinese beggar. I never saw a lazy Chinaman."—Joaquin Miller.

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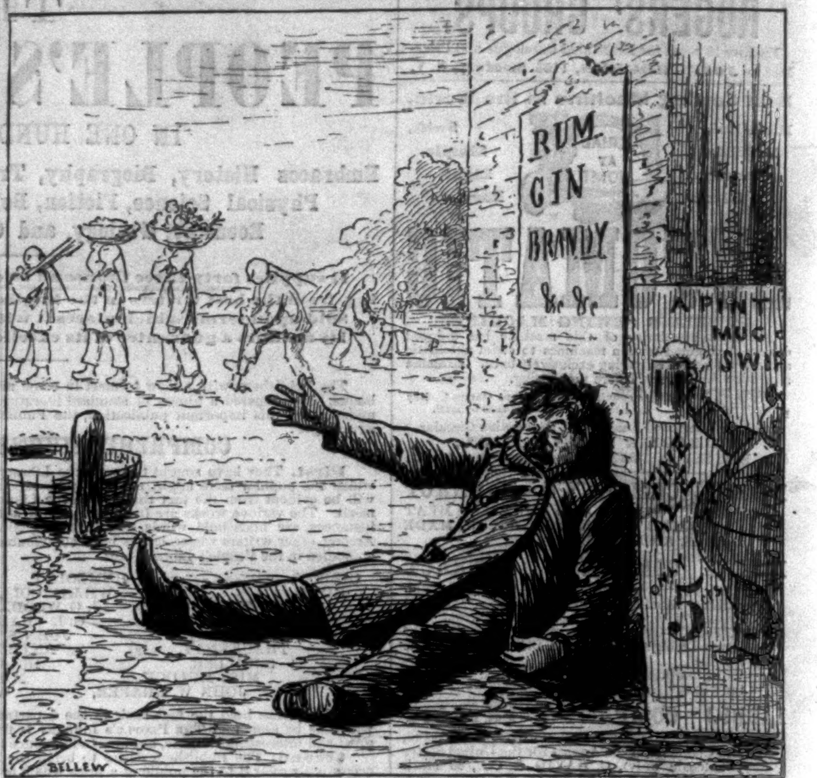
Tramp Nye. "Can this be? We are ruined by Chinese labor."
Truthful James (G. Blaine). "Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
Which the same I am free to maintain."



JUST SO.

Hoodlum. "'Tain't their color I mind s'much—(hic) it's their (hic) habits I 'bject to."

HOWARD & CO., New York.

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| No. B, Key-Winder, | $9.90 | former price, | $13 |
| " 3, " " | $12.70 | " " | $18 |
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We do not care to sell to the Trade, and make no discount whatever; if dealers wish to buy of us, they must remit the same amount as any one else. Address

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*We agree, as we always have, to refund the money for any Watch that does not give satisfaction.*

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THE FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET, (120 Bones) fits with perfect ease and is *Warranted not to break over the hips.* Price, - - - $1.25.

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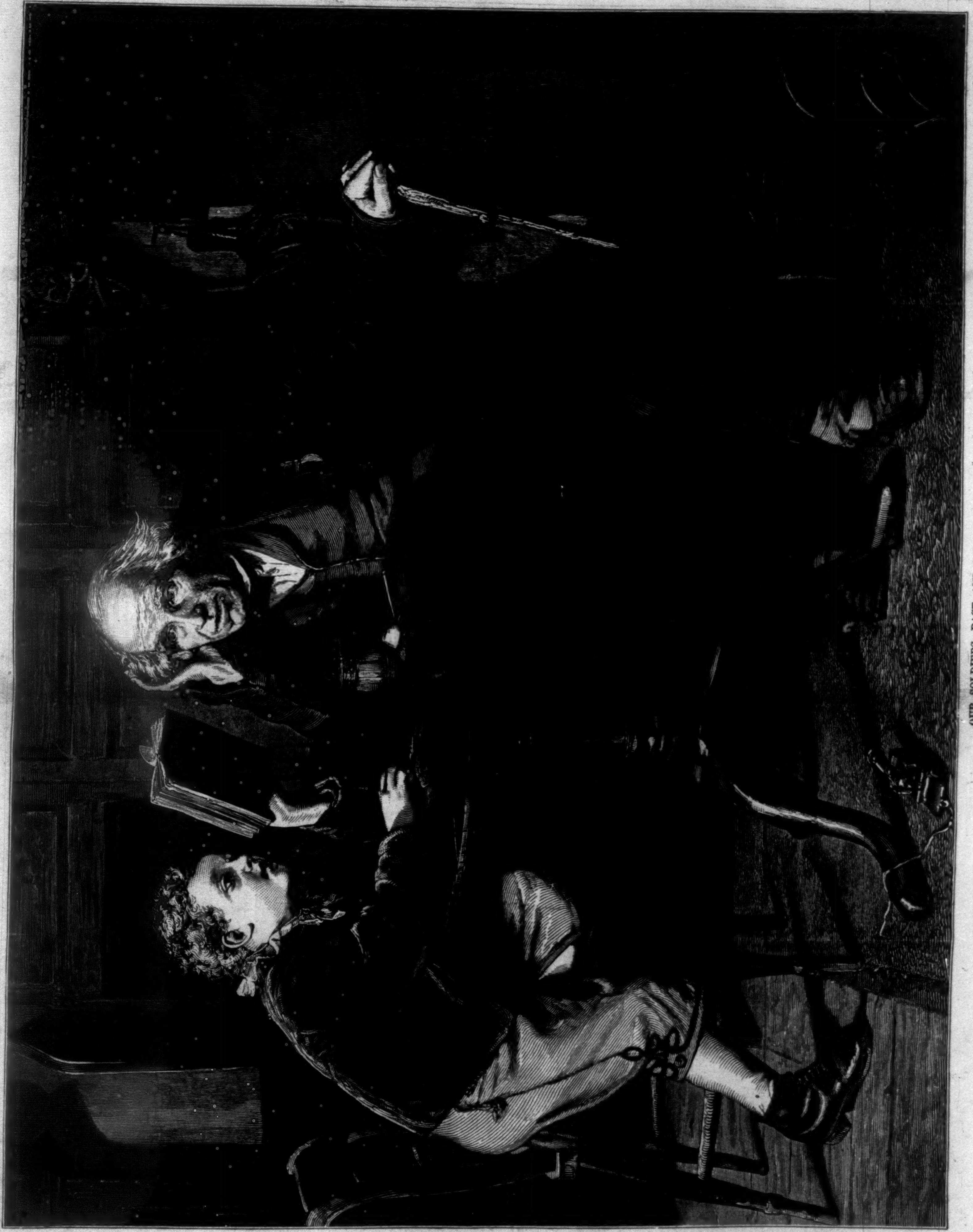


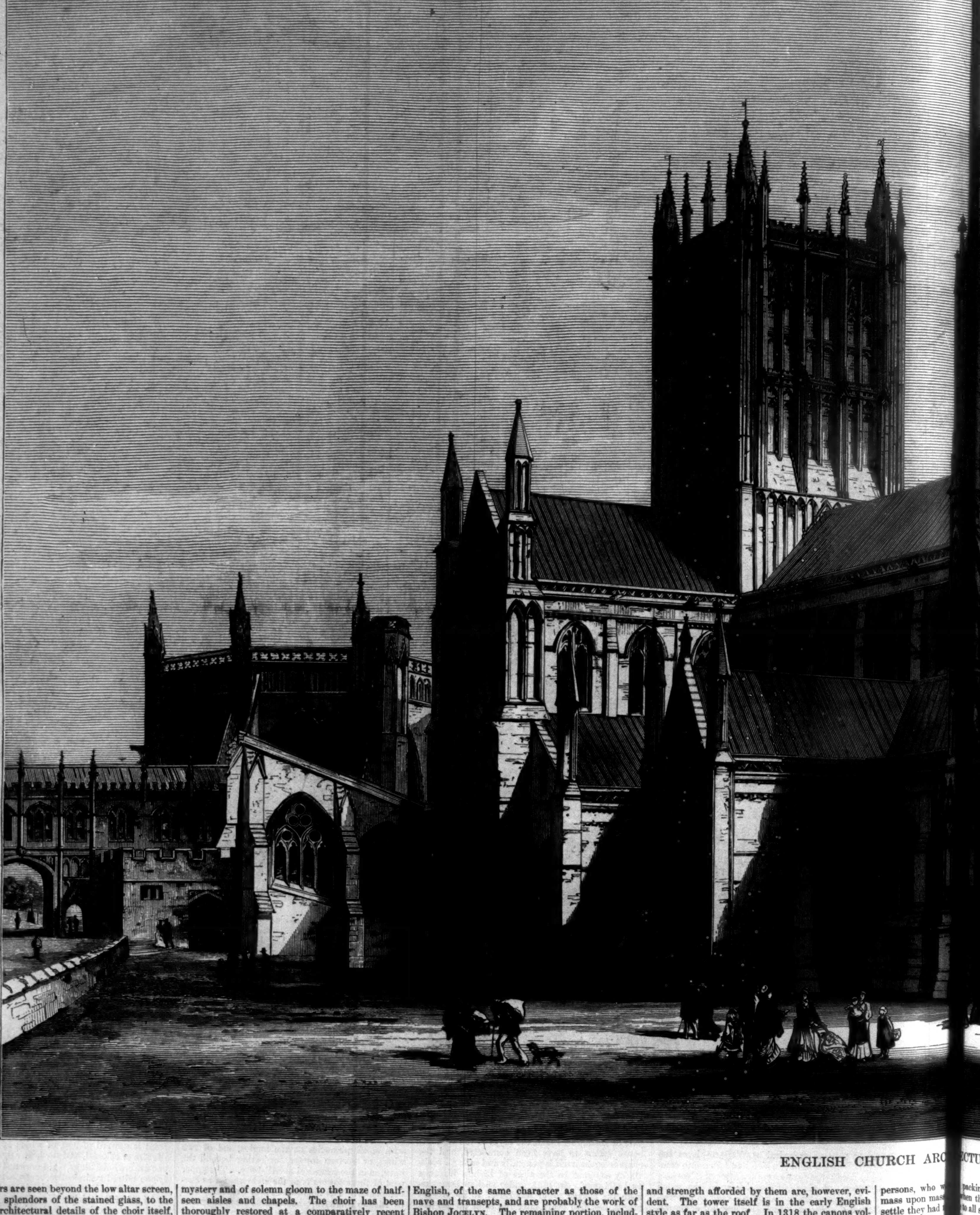
OUR SOLDIERS—PAST AND FUTURE.

## WELLS CATHEDRAL.

The present cathedral at Wells replaces the earlier Saxon building, which had fallen into complete decay during the century after the Norman conquest. Authorities disagree as to how much of the original edifice remains, owing to a difference in the records which give account of the various restorations. The name of the prelate under whose direction the work was performed was Bishop Roberts, who held the see during the latter half of the twelfth century. Subsequently we learn that "the whole of the cathedral west of the presbytery was pulled down by Bishop Jocelyn, of Wells, who began to rebuild it on a larger scale and with far greater magnificence." Some part of this new church was consecrated by Bishop Jocelyn himself in 1239. The existing nave, the transepts, the central tower as high as the roof, and the west front of the cathedral are the work of this bishop. About 1286, during the episcopate of Bishop Burnell, the crypt of the chapter-house seems to have been completed, and the chapter-house itself is generally and with all probability assigned to the time of Bishop William de la March. In 1321, under Bishop Drokensford, the central tower was raised to its present height, and five years later the same bishop had seen the completion of the choir and the Lady-chapel. The upper portion of the southwest tower was raised in the same manner by Bishop Bubwith, who also built the eastern walk of the cloister, with the library over it. The western cloister walk and part of the southern were the work of Bishop Beckington, the latter having been completed soon after his death by Thomas Henry, Treasurer of Wells.

The most remarkable feature of Wells Cathedral is the west front, of which a prominent view is given in our engraving. It consists of a centre in which are the three lancets of the western window, and above them a gable receding in stages, with small pinnacles at the angles, and of two wings, or western towers, projecting beyond the nave, as in the cathedral at Salisbury. The upper part of these towers is in the style known as Perpendicular. The northwest tower was completed by Bishop Bubwith, whose statue remains in one of the niches; the southwest tower was the work of Bishop Harewell. Both these towers, fine as are their details, have a somewhat truncated appearance, and it is probable that the original Early English design terminated at the uppermost band of sculpture. The three western doors are of unusually small dimensions, perhaps in order to leave ample room for the tiers of figures which rise above them. Six narrow buttresses, at the angles of which are slender shafts of Purbeck marble supporting canopies, divide the entire front into five portions. The statues which fill the niches are, without exception, of Doulting stone. The number of figures on the entire west front is upward of 300, of which 152 are either life size or colossal. Of the larger figures, twenty-one are crowned kings, eight crowned queens, thirty-one mitred ecclesiastics, seven armed knights, and fourteen princes or nobles in costumes of the first half of the thirteenth century. It is not impossible that color may have been formerly applied to these statues, as to the small figures within the porch, and they may perhaps have been identified by labels with inscriptions. At present, however, it may be said that not one among all the statues on the historical tier can be identified.

The first impression on entering the choir of Wells Cathedral will not readily be forgotten. Owing to the most beautiful and peculiar arrangements of the Lady-chapel and the retro-choir, to the manner in which the varied groups of arches



ENGLISH CHURCH ARC ECTURE

and pilasters are seen beyond the low altar screen, to the rich splendors of the stained glass, to the beautiful architectural details of the choir itself, and to the grace and finish of the late restorations, it may safely be said that the choir of no other English cathedral affords a view more impressive or more picturesque. It is difficult to determine whether the effect is more striking at early morning when the blaze of many colored lights from the eastern windows is reflected upon the slender shafts of Purbeck marble and upon the vaulted roof, or at the late winter services, when the darkened figures of saints and prophets in the clear-story combine to add something of mystery and of solemn gloom to the maze of half-seen aisles and chapels. The choir has been thoroughly restored at a comparatively recent date. It was closed so that the work might begin in 1848, and re-opened for divine service in March of 1854, on the occasion of the funeral of Dean JENKYNS, who had contributed munificently toward the undertaking. The lime and colored washes were carefully removed from the sculptures. The stalls, the pulpit, and the arrangements about the altar are entirely new; the vaulting has been decorated in polychrome; and there are two new windows of stained glass. The first three piers and arches of the choir are Early English, of the same character as those of the nave and transepts, and are probably the work of Bishop JOCELYN. The remaining portion, including the whole of the vaulting, as well as the tabernacle-work and clear-story above the first three bays, is in the Decorated style, and is worthy the most careful study.

The "inverted arches" supporting the central tower may be examined before entering the choir. The effect of their inverted lines, as seen from the nave aisles and from the angles of the transepts, is most singular and unusual, but the contrast with the surrounding forms is too sharp to be altogether agreeable. The enormous support and strength afforded by them are, however, evident. The tower itself is in the early English style as far as the roof. In 1318 the canons voluntarily taxed themselves to the extent of the fifth part of their income in order to raise this tower, which was accordingly carried up three more stages, and completed in 1331. In 1337 and 1338, convocations were called, in great dismay, on account of a settling in the work of the tower, owing to which extensive cracks or fractures had appeared. One writer speaks of this calamity as "a disaster not uncommon with the mediæval masons; for notwithstanding all that has been said of them, they were unskillful, unscientific persons, who w packing t
mass upon mass hen the e
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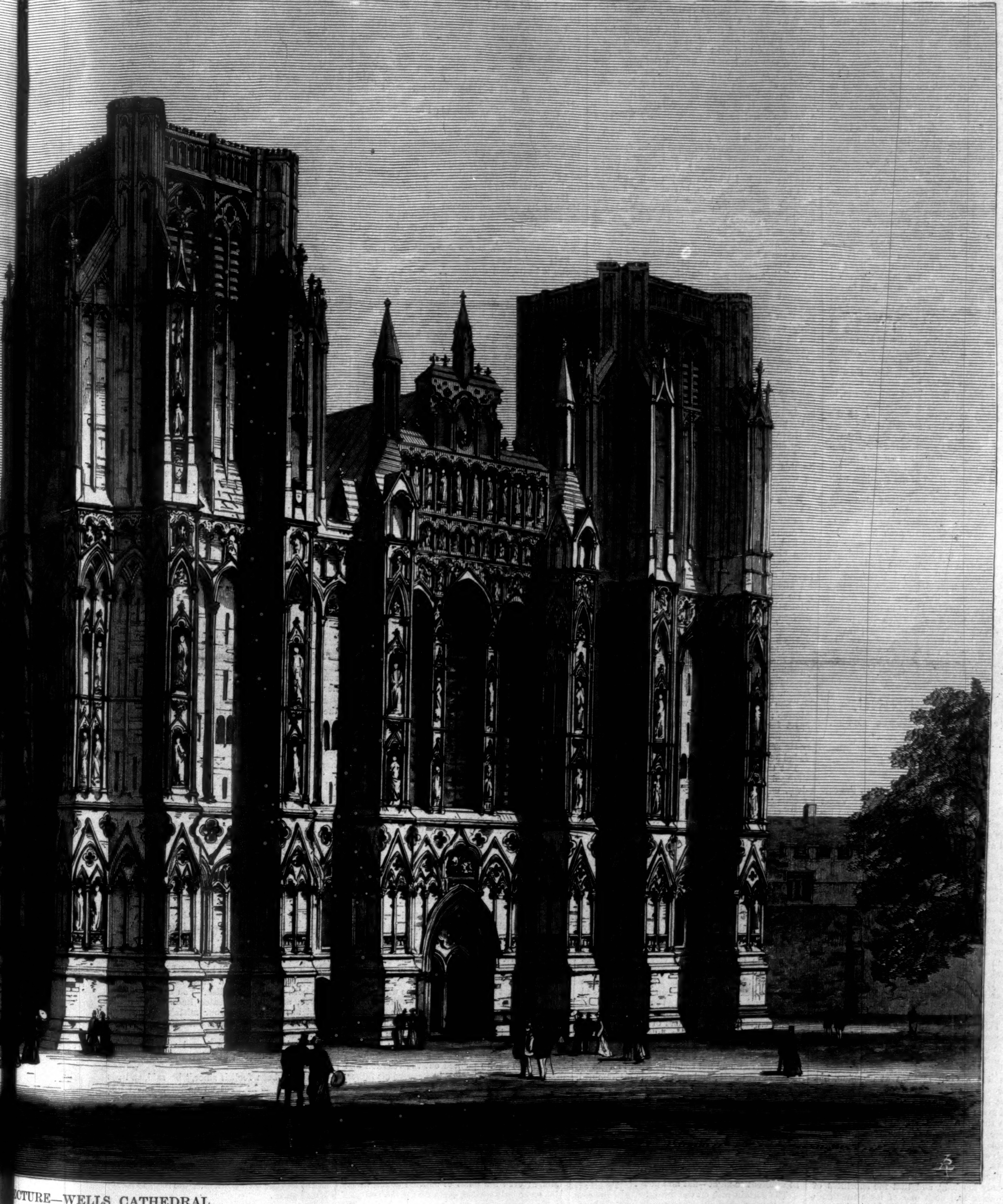

CTURE—WELLS CATHEDRAL.

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filled in with large blocks of stone. The adjoining arches of the triforium, as may be seen both in the nave and transepts, were blocked up to transmit part of the weight in a lateral direction. After the completion of these works it does not appear that any further mischief took place. The fan tracery of the vault is Perpendicular, and was probably introduced under the direction of Bishop **BECKINGTON**.

Among the names of prominent prelates connected with the see of Wells, which also includes Bath, the bishops being styled "of Bath and Wells," is that of **HADRIAN DE CASTELLO**, who nearly suffered death from poison at the instigation of the infamous **ALEXANDER VI**. **HADRIAN** was a native of Corneto, in Tuscany, and was dispatched as papal legate to Scotland by Pope **INNOCENT VIII**. The death of the Scottish king detained him in London, where he became intimate with Archbishop **MORTON**, by whom **HENRY VII**. was persuaded to intrust him, on his return to Rome, with the management of all business between England and the papal court. In the year 1503 the bishopric of Hereford was conferred upon him, from which in the following year he was translated to Bath and Wells. In the mean time **ALEXANDER VI**. (**ALEXANDER BORGIA**) had raised him to the cardinalate, and afterward casting a longing eye upon the wealth which **HADRIAN** had amassed, attempted to poison him, with certain other cardinals, at the famous banquet which took place in August, 1503, in the garden of the Vatican. The poisoned wine was, however, presented to the Pope himself by mistake, who died, and whose son, the equally infamous **CÆSAR BORGIA**, never recovered from the effects of the same poison.

Another prelate whose name is generally remembered in connection with the see of Bath and Wells is **THOMAS KEN**, described as "one of the most primitive and holy bishops, who by God's mercy has been raised up to adorn the Apostolical Church in England." Bishop **KEN** was born at Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire, in July, 1637. In his fifteenth year he was sent to Winchester College, and his name is still to be seen cut in the stone on a buttress in the southeast corner of the college cloisters. Here commenced his friendship with **FRANCIS TURNER**, afterward Bishop of Ely, who was subsequently associated with him in many of the most remarkable events of his life. As a young man **KEN** was at one time the domestic chaplain of Bishop **MARLEY**. In 1669 he became prebendary of Winchester, and was afterward appointed chaplain to King **CHARLES II**., and to Princess **MARY** of Orange. At this time he composed his Manual of Prayers for the Use